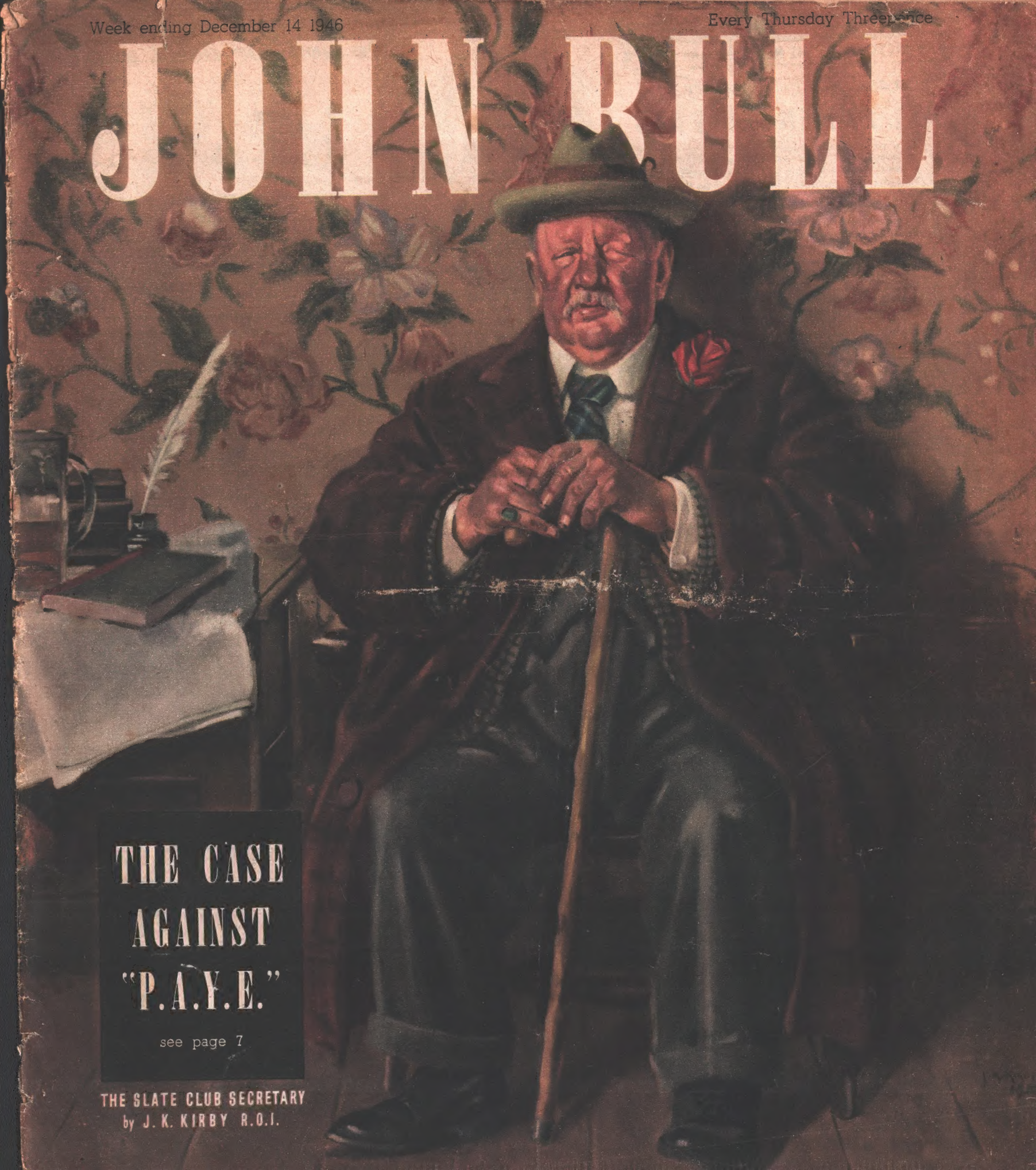
Week ending December 14 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



THE CASE AGAINST "P.A.Y.E."

see page 7

THE SLATE CLUB SECRETARY
by J. K. KIRBY R.O.I.

14 FACTS ABOUT THE NEW REGULAR ARMY

A grand job, good money and

ALL EXPENSES PAID

1 Good pay and generous leave on full pay.
2 No fares to work, no food or clothes to buy.
3 A steady job. No standing off. Good training for later life.
4 Opportunity to specialise. The right job for the right man.
5 Ample leisure and relaxation. 'Civvies' may be worn off duty.
6 Plenty of sport and games to keep you gloriously fit.
7 Promotion on merit. Every man gets his chance.
8 Better conditions and allowances for married men.
9 Generous increased pensions for long service.
10 Free education in a wide range of subjects.
11 Minimum colour service now only 5 years.
12 Trained to lead, to be cool, quick, self-confident.
13 World travel. (Maximum overseas service 3½ years.)
14 Adventure, comradeship and a promising future.

LOSE NO TIME. Get FREE Book NOW

Get "The Army, the Modern Career," from any principal Post Office, Army Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange (or write to Dept. I 109, War Office, A.G.10, London, S.W.1).

£125 BOUNTY for the under 40's

Men aged under 40, with not less than 2 years' service since 1939, can rejoin for 3 or 4 years with TAX FREE Bounties from £100 to £125. Apply at any Army Recruiting Centre or write to Dept. I 109, War Office, A.G.10, London, S.W.1, for "Short Service" leaflet.

Bank your Pay for a Rainy Day

Join the modern

REGULAR ARMY

Housewives are fastidious about this room

Why do five out of ten women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose? (In America, this figure is even higher.) The answer is that it cleans and disinfects the *whole* pan. Harpic not only whitens and deodorizes the bowl (the part you can *see*) but also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic leaves the whole pan sweet, clean and sanitary.

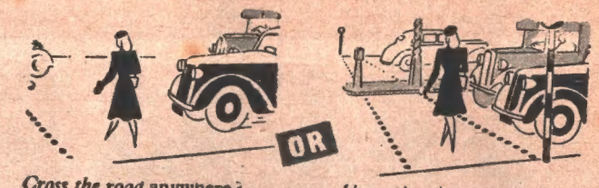
Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time.) Then flush. That's all!

HARPIC

THE SPECIAL LAVATORY CLEANSER

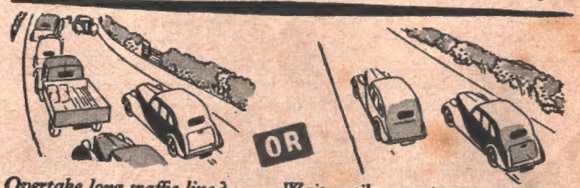
Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

Do you—or don't you?



Cross the road anywhere? *Use pedestrian crossings?*

Tear recklessly downhill? *Keep complete control — always?*



Overtake long traffic line? *Wait until overtaking is safe?*

A copy of THE NEW HIGHWAY CODE will shortly be delivered to your address. Read it and re-read it until you know it thoroughly. Always follow the common-sense rules of road behaviour set out in the Code and you will be doing your part to Keep Death off the Road.

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD

LEARN THE HIGHWAY CODE

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

STATIONMASTER OR PORTER

They would have had a better shave with a

LAUREL

3 HOLE OR SLOTTED

1½D each

The good-tempered Sheffield Blade

made by GEO. H. LAWRENCE LTD. *of* SHEFFIELD

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL *for the* THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

Maximum Retail Price:

8d.

per roll

Convenient, palatable, effective . .

'Milk of Magnesia'* Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

(Regd.)

**'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

WATCH *for that* COLD!

USE 'ASPRO' AT FIRST SIGNS

To know what to do is only half the secret of success—the other half is knowing **when** to do it. A cold or 'flu attack needs the right treatment at the right moment. When the first sneezy, shivering, sniffling symptoms come—**it's then you should take action by taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets.** 'ASPRO' wastes no time—its action is safe, soothing and instant—it reduces the temperature, clears the head, dispels the chilly feelings. A wise plan is to **take two more 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink on going to bed.** In all probability that will be the last you will know of the cold.

PRICES:
3½D (1 Tape) 6½D (2 Tapes) 1/3½ (Carton)

Take 2 'ASPRO' *tablets*

WITH A HOT DRINK TO-NIGHT

'ASPRO'

MADE BY ASPRO LIMITED · SLOUGH · BUCKS

I prefer..

Nufix because it is a quality hair dressing at a popular price. Made from a base containing vegetable oil, Nufix promotes healthy growth by elimination of dryness of the scalp. Does not contain gum—leaves no deposit—keeps the hair clean and well-groomed without hardening. For healthy hair and a well-groomed appearance you will always be satisfied with Nufix

NUFIX

QUALITY DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX) LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

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Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REG.

A WORLD FAVOURITE

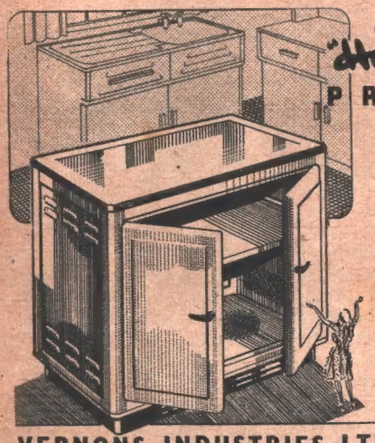
The unvarying quality of this delicious sparkling drink has made it a favourite everywhere. Millions of people turn to 'Coca-Cola' whenever they think of refreshment. During war-time, no branded soft drink has been permitted on the British market. But as soon as the restrictions go, you will be able once more to taste and enjoy 'Coca-Cola' from its distinctive bottle.

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

The registered trade marks "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" distinguish the product of The Coca-Cola Co. Ltd

The Coca-Cola Company Ltd., Southfield Road, London, W.4

CVS-13



A "House Proud" PRODUCT

HOUSEPROUD kitchen furniture in steel and aluminium outlasts all rivals. Doors shut firmly. Vitreous enamel tops are cleaned in a second. Fine gauge perforated zinc ensures complete protection. Stove-enamelled in pastel shades to match any kitchen colour scheme. Ask for it at leading Furniture Houses and Stores.

VERNONS INDUSTRIES LTD. LIVERPOOL

My advice for a troublesome COUGH

Lobelline. Britain's finest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Bronchial troubles *for young and old.* An irritating cough or cold on the chest may—if neglected—lead to something worse. *Lobelline is your safeguard this winter.* Purely herbal, quick in action, Lobelline relieves a cough, cuts the phlegm and soothes the chest. Irritation and congestion disappear, and you can look forward to a good night's sleep.

Lobelline is pleasant to take and children love it. Grown ups like its soothing, speedy effectiveness.

From Timothy Whites, Taylors, Boots and all chemists, 1/5 and 3/4½ per bottle, including Purchase Tax, but supplies are limited.

Get Lobelline

For every kind of Cough

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

C.C.T.7128C

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● When you buy a MARCONIPHONE you buy 25 years experience in Domestic Radio design.

Public broadcasting began with MARCONIPHONE receivers — they are still the best from every standpoint. See your Dealer about post-war models.

MARCONI

THE **REAL** THING

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

A Loescher Card

will brighten your Greetings

★ *From Stores, Stationers and Booksellers*

BEST ON EARTH . . .

because they're seamless

DUNLOP

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Inner Cleanliness comes first—for HEALTH

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off

ANDREWS

FOR **INNER** CLEANLINESS

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

71-14

Wintry weather means fewer, shorter walks for your dog. But regular conditioning will help to keep his blood pure in spite of restricted exercise and winter feeding. One Bob Martin's a day will keep him fit and friendly all the year round. In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

They keep the feet dry and add to your walking comfort . . .

SUSSEX SOLES & HEELS

Ask your Shoe Repairer – he is best qualified to fit SUSSEX. His advice will be to have SUSSEX fitted to new shoes from the start—because then your shoes will wear twice as long, retaining their original style and fit.

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN W.C.1

DECEMBER 14 1946
VOLUME 80 NUMBER 2113

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468
Telegrams: Heroically, Westcent, London

The Test of Nationalization

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT of the outcome of the Parliamentary struggle over the nationalization of transport. The railways and their offshoots, such as hotels and airways, the canals, and long distance road haulage will be nationalized—that is, owned and managed by the State.

Many people who take no definite sides in the matter are asking, "Well, what is the *object* of it all?"

One answer is that it has long been agreed and found necessary to *co-ordinate* the different kinds of transport to prevent wasteful overlapping, and that to *nationalize* them is the simplest and most thorough way of doing it. Cheaper and quicker carriage of freight, as well as passengers, is the aim.

Another answer is that a national transport system which does not primarily have to seek profits for shareholders, ought to be able to give better service, while providing at least as good wages and working conditions for its staffs.

Admittedly there is much room for improvement in both these directions; admittedly, also, there are two ways of setting about it.

If we are to choose the way of nationalization, it will be a success only if we, the State, find the best possible people to manage our new possessions.

Conservative M.P.s, who intend to oppose nationalization of transport to the bitter end, would do well to concentrate their attack on this question of management. Labour Ministers, on the other hand, would do well to bring an utterly convincing case before Parliament to prove that they know precisely how and by whom the transport services are to be managed.

The public wants to know that trains and buses will run faster and more punctually, that fares will not rise, that strikes will no longer play havoc with daily journeys, and that more comfort will be introduced even into local services.

It all comes back to good management.

And of that the public, the great million-headed customer for transport, will be the ultimate judge.

Cripps and Christmas

IF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, President of the Board of Trade, is stumped for ideas for Christmas presents, here is one for him.

Why not give the British housewife a few coupons for household linen?

The women of Britain received a heartfelt pat on the back in the King's speech which opened the present session of Parliament. But they would rather have had some new curtains in the windows and tea-towels in the kitchen.

Their patience is immense, but not endless. They have a genuine grievance in a rationing system which says that household linen must come out of the personal clothing allowance.

And this patience is now further tried by the Board of Trade announcement of ten extra coupons for manual workers in agriculture and industry.

Certainly there is a good case for this extra ration; any worker who does a hard, dirty job in field or factory wears out his clothes quicker than a clerk, for example.

But the housewife, in addition to being the manager, housekeeper, cook, nurse, mother and wife of her home, is also a manual worker doing a hard, dirty job. For this she gets no extra coupons, and has to spare some of her own for essential linen.

Millions of women in Britain today, as they look round their clean but shabby houses, noting the darned, patched and threadbare linen, the makeshifts, and the rags it is no longer possible to hide, feel like giving way to despair.

To ask that something, however little, should be done for them is not a criticism of our rationing system, which on the whole has been handled with fairness.

It is a constructive plea, on behalf of the most unselfish workers in the world—the wives and mothers of Britain. Cripps may reply that he cannot help the housewives at the moment, because the extra material is simply not there. If so, he should tell them so frankly and at least give them some hope that their claims will be met at the earliest possible date.

Stop Branding these Children

AT LAST, it seems possible that the system under which illegitimate children are perpetually branded as such on their birth certificates may be altered.

Months ago, a JOHN BULL article drew attention to the fact that around 60,000 illegitimate children would be born in Britain this year, and pointed out the serious disadvantages imposed on innocent youngsters, in social and business life, by the form of birth certificate still prescribed in England and Wales. "Must these children carry the stigma of their birth through life?" we asked.

Since that time, many magistrates and social workers have taken up the subject, and have told of cases within their personal experience where innocent young people were gravely handicapped by having to produce birth certificates proclaiming illegitimate birth—for all to see and mock.

Recently, Mr. John Watson, a Magistrate of the Metropolitan Juvenile Courts, has come forward with the perfect solution to this problem.

He has suggested that the State should provide, for the use of every citizen, an abridged form of birth certificate omitting all particulars of parentage. The full birth certificate, carrying all the details at present demanded, would be available to the holder—but to nobody else except under statutory authority or by special leave of a court of law. The new, abridged certificate would suffice for all ordinary purposes since, in point of fact, birth certificates are hardly ever required except to prove age and identity.

This is a simple and obvious answer to a human problem which is no less pressing because it concerns an unfortunate minority.

"Its urgency cannot be questioned," says Lord Broughshane, who has long campaigned for a change in the law in this respect. "I beg the Government to give immediate attention to this uncontentious matter."

JOHN BULL supports this plea. It is inconceivable that the Government will not act.

the cover

It was the artist himself, J. K. Kirby, R.O.I., who christened our cover subject "The Slate Club Secretary." We are not sure how some slate club secretaries will view this, but at any rate, the character painted by Kirby is a fine old English example of a far-from-extinct breed. Almost every village has its "slate club," to which the members subscribe a small sum each week. If a member is ill, he can draw sick benefit. If he dies, his next of kin gets funeral expenses. And for the survivors, there is a glorious share-out just before Christmas—when the secretary becomes the man of the moment. J. K. Kirby's paintings have appeared at the Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions. He lives in the country himself — and, by the way, he is a member of a slate club!

But surely mother told you?

Trouble brewing on the kitchen front? Send for the lessons specially written for new housewives by Mrs. Jean Scott of the Brown & Polson Cookery Service, and learn the secrets of successful cookery! 1. Homely Weights and Measures. 2. General Cookery Processes. 3. Vegetable Cookery. 4. Milk Puddings. 5. Fish Cookery. Write now—Mrs. Jean Scott, Brown & Polson Cookery Service, Dept. 20.B, 20, Stratford Place, London, W.1, enclosing 2½d. stamp.

BROWN & POLSON CORNFLOUR

makes good cooking even better

The demand for Cornflour—plain and flavoured—still exceeds supply, so don't blame your grocer if he is out of stock.

ah! oh!

SOLO

REAL

ORANGE JUICE

You'll see it again soon!

Now! Ask for **SOLO**

BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE

LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE

It's a surprise to see a different label on baby's Nestlé's Milk! But Nestlé's is just what it always was, the goodness of rich full-cream country milk made easy for the most delicate little stomach to digest.

MM-MM! MUCH MORE TO MUNCH IN

Maltesers

MARS CONFECTIONS, LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

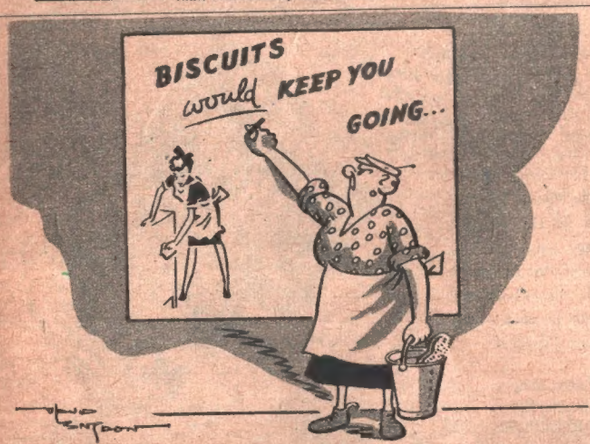
WISDOM

"When I grow up, I'll go out to parties *every* evening!" So said we, when we were very young.

But most of us, as we grow older, find that a chair by our own fireside is a remarkably comfortable place. And many of us, as bedtime approaches, like to indulge in the soothing nourishment that Horlicks provides. We like its assurance of sound sleep, its promise of new energy for tomorrow.

Available supplies of Horlicks are being shared out as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS



Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-165

Your grocer wants to serve you

'CAMP'

full Strength - fine Flavour

We roll the cooking *out*
We keep the flavour *in*

★ The way Scott's Oats are rolled makes them double quick—quick to cook and quick to please—because they taste so good.

Scott's *porage* **Oats**

THE *DOUBLE QUICK* HOT BREAKFAST

Science discovers

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A BENGER PRODUCT

The stimulation of beef-tea in a most appetising form

Also A RICH FLAVOURING for SOUPS, STEWS & GRAVIES

BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE

WINCARNIS

THE WINE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

O happy day when you get a tin of Nescafé! Fragrant, full-flavoured coffee—made instantly—right in the cup. No bother; no coffee-pot to wash up; no messy grounds. Just the enjoyment of grand coffee. Demand still continues to overwhelm supplies, so you may have to be patient. However, here's to the great day when you get *your* Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

15

hurrah!

There's plenty of

Johnson's BABY POWDER

again

Babies' demands are simple; they like plenty of what they like. And now you can give your baby plenty of Johnson's—the softest, kindest powder in the world. No need to 'stint' with it any more. Sprinkle it freely for baby's greater comfort. When you need another tin, your chemist will have a smile and a 'Yes Madam!'

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD.
SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE

BETTY SENDS DRAGON FLYING

1 **See Dragon Decay** sharpening his sword. He's going to attack Betty's Ivory Castles—her teeth, really! He'll get in, if Betty doesn't clean away dirty food deposits twice-a-day,

2 **Be off, Dragon!** Archer Gibbs helps guard Betty's Ivory Castles. Gibbs twice-a-day is the easy, quick, clean-tasting way to sound, sparkling teeth—*for everyone*. Not wasteful—outlasts ordinary tooth-paste.

MOTHERS! Let these stories teach the children teeth care. You too will love the economical solid dentifrice—

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

GU 250A-621

FOR 'DRY' CIDER

It takes 2½ lbs. of apples—and a lot of skill—to make one flagon of the light, sparkling, Dry Bulmer's Cider. Supplies are limited but fair distribution offers everyone a share.

Bulmer's CIDER

H.P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

14

royds

Now only

1 MINUTE TO COOK

The makers of Robinson's 'Patent' Groats are using a new milling process to produce a finer product which can be cooked in one tenth of the time. This saving of time, which means so much to the busy housewife and mother will make Robinson's 'Patent' Groats more popular than ever.

ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' GROATS

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, with copy of booklet on care of infants entitled "Steps to Health", if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ-64, Norwich.

CVS-64

THE LATHER DOES IT!

OXYDOL

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP POWDER

3½d. and 7d. *A Class 1 Product*

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

'V.P. —very good, Sir'

V.P. POINT BRAND wines

Ask for

V.P. RICH RUBY
V.P. SWEET WHITE
V.P. BRITISH SHERRY
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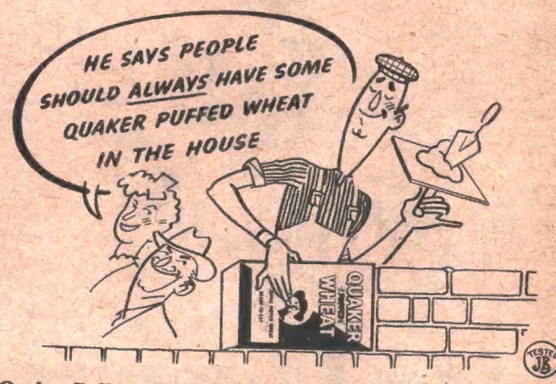
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY



Quaker Puffed Wheat helps young bodies to grow because it is 100% crisp, light, easy-to-digest grains of whole wheat, choc-a-bloc with nourishment. 16 helpings, 4 pts., 6½d. a packet.

Pure fresh cows' milk from which part of the natural water has been removed by evaporation, therefore *add* water to make rich creamy milk.

Remember to ask for CARNATION MILK

FOR ALL MILK USES

Skin needs NIVEA

6

In the blue and white tin, 2/-. Herts Pharmaceuticals Limited, Welwyn Garden City

JOHN BULL SUMS UP

THE CASE AGAINST "P.A.Y.E."

Opponents of Pay-As-You-Earn say that it is giving millions of workers the "tax sulks" just when Britain must produce more to live—because it makes overtime seem pointless and encourages the factory absentee. Here are some of the facts

THERE EXISTS IN BRITAIN TODAY, as was stated at the Trade Union Congress, "a strong sense of grievance" over Pay-As-You-Earn, and because of this a committee was appointed to investigate its effects on production.

Is it, as more than one expert has said, "the fairest method of tax-collecting yet devised" or is it, as George Benson, Labour M.P. for Chesterfield, has stigmatized it, ". . . a perfect example of the perfect tax that has become a perfect nuisance"?

I have subjected this question to a thorough examination during the past few weeks. I have spoken to income tax experts, company accountants, production managers, employers and workmen and found at the end of it all that the answer had taken a clear enough form.

For that answer—the worst possible answer—is being given daily in factories and workshops and mines throughout the country.

This is Typical

Consider the following incident. Multiply it by scores of hundreds of times. There is here an equation which is the primary factor in holding up the production which we need in order to survive:

"I shan't be in for a bit, foreman. Sick leave."

As a large London factory engaged on vital production work is about to close, one of the workmen makes this announcement—with an air of finality.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Bob," the foreman answers. "What is it this time?"

"The old trouble," says Bob. "Migraine. Something terrible."

"Why, yes, I remember. It was migraine last year, wasn't it? You were taken queer about the same time. This very month, wasn't it?"

"Maybe I was," answers Bob, slightly on the defensive, "and why not? There's not much difference now whether I come or not."

"You mean that with your income tax refunds, National Health and the like, you'll be as well off?"

The workman's take-it-or-leave-it attitude and lack of enthusiasm in his job. . . . The foreman's ironic acceptance of a situation beyond him. . . . These are symptomatic of a widespread dry rot which is undermining our whole recovery programme.

That worker had decided to "lay off" for the rest of this year because he found that his *gross* earnings for the first eight months had reached the figure which, under his allowances, would be tax free. His wages were, say, £7 a week. As he is a married man with a child his tax-free income with allowances amounted to £250. Deductions, made weekly from his pay packet at the rate of nineteen shillings a week, had been on the assumption that he would work all the year.

He will therefore get a series of refunds.

If he did a little bit of arithmetic he would find that he is not as well off *away* from work. But he has lost interest. He's got the tax sulks. And the country loses the output of one skilled workman for four months.

If Bob was unique we could afford to forget him. But he isn't.

Despite full employment and improved wages, workers in many industries are not pulling their full weight. Let's not dodge the fact. Production and absenteeism charts prove it. George Gibson, a director of the Bank of England and former T.U.C. president, minced no words when he warned the trade unions that "there are a lot of people who could produce more than they are doing."

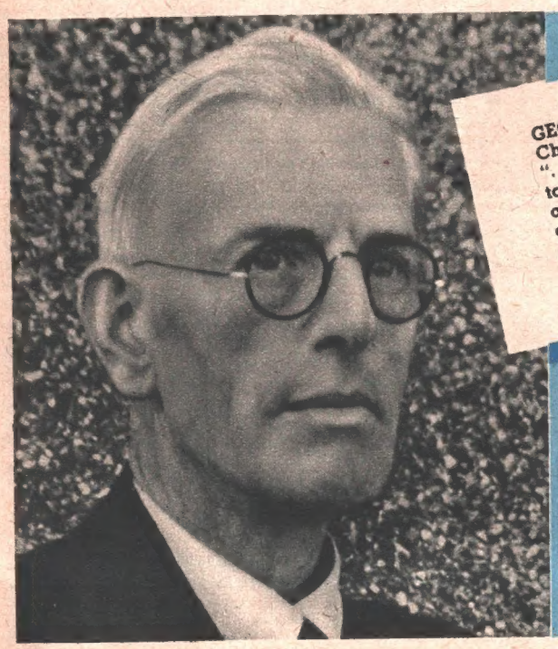
He amplified this by a reminder that the success of our social services depended "on the people in the mines, factories, fields and workshops," and added that those who slack off production because of grievances about income tax are committing a major crime against themselves and the community.

In view of the acute manpower shortage, our only hope is to increase production per individual. The textile trades are short of 300,000 workers, the furniture industry needs another 40,000 men, the brick trade needs 20,000 more. *Extra effort* and efficiency are needed now as never before.

Arrive Late; Leave Early

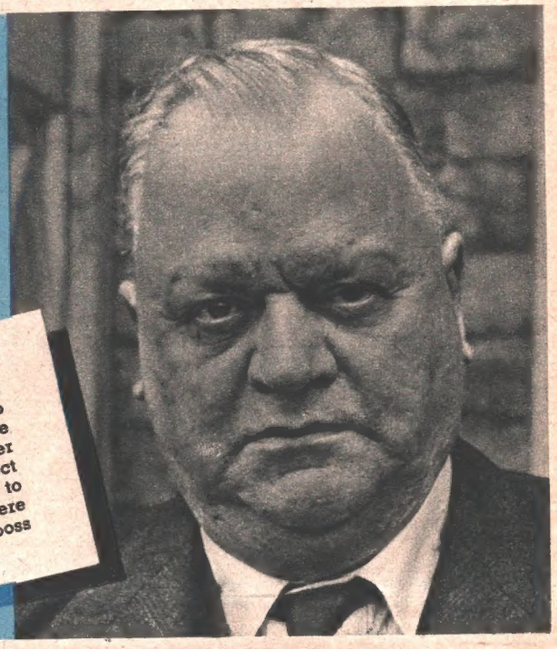
Yet in the mining industry, absenteeism has on some occasions and in some places reached over twenty per cent; fourteen per cent has been given as a fair average for industry as a whole.

And in thousands of factories workers arrive a little after starting time and leave a few minutes before closing time; they take days off when they feel like it and avoid overtime because "it isn't worthwhile." Reckoning lost production in terms of wages paid to absentees alone, Britain is losing not far short of £800,000,000 worth of trade a year.



GEORGE BENSON, Labour M.P. for Chesterfield, calls Pay-As-You-Earn "... a perfect example of the perfect tax that has become a perfect nuisance." Those who are anti-P.A.Y.E. condemn it not only for shackling our output, but say the system of making the boss the tax collector puts a costly burden on large firms

GEORGE GIBSON, former T.U.C. president, has warned trade unions that, "there are a lot of people who could produce more than they are doing." For this P.A.Y.E. must shoulder some of the blame. "Its worst effect is that a man becomes liable to income tax at the very point where extra effort is needed," says one boss



The stock causes don't ring quite true now. War weariness? The war's been over for some time. Inadequate food? Production still lags in many factories with excellent canteens and supplementary rations. Lack of things to buy? It's already been explained, in wearisome detail, that the shops can't fill until the workers produce more goods.

That leaves the main reason. Income tax.

There are roughly sixteen million workers producing things, including those engaged in agriculture, food industries and distribution. Of these, ten and a half million pay income tax, the majority under Pay-As-You-Earn.

PAYE isn't a new system of taxation; it's just a method of collection. It was meant to be an improvement on the old system, under which you were assessed, at the beginning of each financial year, on earnings during the previous year. In effect, this meant that every taxpayer was always in debt. If he was in seasonal work, and a good year was followed by a bad, it could hit him hard.

Besides this, the extension of the scope of taxation brought into the net millions who had never paid tax before. Many on the lower wage levels could not be expected to put money by for income tax. Taxation at source seemed the most sensible idea all round.

PAYE was introduced. As it works now, this is what happens:

People earning more than £2 5s. a week must pay tax. The employer is responsible for seeing that the tax is deducted from the pay packet and forwarded to the Inland Revenue. This involves considerable clerical and accountancy work, for which he must engage special staff and often (in the case of large firms) purchase special mechanical equipment, entirely at his own expense.

In fact, he does the Inland Revenue's work for them without thanks and at much cost.

When Mr. Brown is engaged, his employer enters his total pay on a tax-deduction card. A code number from the Inland Revenue tells him what Mr. Brown's allowances are, when compared with a special table. The employer does some subtraction to find how much is left to be taxed. Then he looks up a second table which gives the tax due.

He is under a legal obligation to collect from Mr. Brown in this way. If he fails to make a deduction, he must pay it from his own pocket.

Now the objects of PAYE were to facilitate collection and save expense. So far as wage-earners go, it has certainly achieved the former intention. But has any money been saved? I doubt it.

A select committee, appointed recently to investigate the efficiency of the machinery, had some gloomy things to say. Between April, 1944, and April, 1946, the staff of the chief collector's office was reduced by 2,000 employees but the staff of the chief inspector's office was increased by 6,500—a net increase of 4,500 to Inland Revenue staff.

The "Machine" Lags Behind

Despite this "the administrative machine has not been sufficiently well equipped to carry the additional burden imposed upon it." There were staggering arrears of PAYE correspondence in 1945, and even by April, 1946, there were still half a million letters in arrears. In April, 1946, only twenty-seven in every hundred taxpayers had been assessed for the year 1944-45 so that, say the select committee, "at the present rate a taxpayer would not know his final liability for 1944-45 until two years after the financial year, and *the adjustment of over-payments and under-payments might not take place until* 1948-49."

This is not the fault of the Inland Revenue staff, groaning under an impossible weight of work. There is little chance of their catching up until they have more suitable premises and are given (especially in the upper, more technical grades, says the committee) the training they need.

Now, all this has a direct bearing on the crucial question: if the Government reserves to itself the right to dip its hand into our pockets before we count our money it has to be absolutely right about the sum due. If it takes too much the matter should be capable of remedy *immediately*. Or, as the Scottish Union of Bakers, Confectioners and Bakery Workers recently declared, "quick revision of dues, lagging as little as possible behind the weekly deductions from wages, is an integral part of PAYE."

As things are, this "quick revision" is impossible and PAYE's claim to be the fairest system of collection is at least suspect. In April, 1946, there were, for instance, no less than 33,000 coding objections in arrears. All these people were having deductions made at source from their earnings with which they did not agree.

Of course, any surplus deductions will be refunded one day, but a taxpayer should not be forced, against his will, to make the Government a loan every week.

For PAYE to be acceptable to workers, therefore, the machinery should be keyed up to far greater efficiency.

Arthur Woodburn, Joint Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Supply, has strongly criticized PAYE because, in his opinion, it discourages workers. There is, he says, a great argument for payment by results, especially in a country where, at the moment, one would need a gross income of £100,000 in order to receive £6,000 clear. There are, in fact, only about sixty people in the country clearing more than £6,000 a year.

"My Men Hate PAYE"

One employer wrote to Woodburn suggesting that to speed production workers should be relieved of taxation altogether, and this letter was forwarded to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I asked the manager of a large Midlands foundry what he thought about it.

"My men hate PAYE," he told me, "though I think they'd dislike paying tax anyway. My own opinion is that it's good for them to realize that the national income is simply the aggregate of what we all contribute. Some seem to think that the Government's programme of social reform can be paid for by soaking the rich; but the rich have been soaked for a long time, and there aren't enough of them to matter.

"All I know is that my men won't do overtime. Few of them put their hearts into their work. They do it thoroughly but take their time. We're on export work, but when the local football team plays on its home ground, I know that twenty-five per cent of the men will stay away from work. Absenteeism is never less than ten per cent."

I asked J. J. Gracie, managing director of the Witton Engineering Company of Birmingham, which employs 10,000 workers on vital export work. He is an expert on income tax, who has submitted his own scheme to the Government.

"I am against the present system, which is certainly a drag on production," he declared.

"Firstly, it discourages overtime. Its worst effect is that a man becomes liable to income tax at the very point where extra effort is required.

"Take the case of a married man, with one child, working on piecework. Although theoretically on piecework, he must be given the same national award as the staff men (as agreed with the trade union). This is 23s. 6d. Whatever work he turns out, his rates must be brought up to the basic wage of 67s. 6d. This 91s. is not liable to tax, and he gets it whatever his output.

"But at the five pound level he starts paying tax. At the very point when he ought to be keen on making extra money, his enthusiasm is slowed down. Say he earns, altogether, 124s. 9d. by piecework. To get 91s. of this required no special effort. Of the remaining 25s. 9d., which epresents his piecework bonus, 'incentive' is represented by only 10s. 9d., under ten per cent of his total wages.

"He actually gets 18s. 9d., but eight shillings of that is guaranteed—and earnings which are assured aren't as great an incentive as those obtained by special effort.

"In other words, there isn't sufficient incentive for him to make a special effort—and he is one of millions." I asked Gracie for a constructive alternative to PAYE. He thinks that, out of the £588,000,000 collected by PAYE for the financial year ended April, 1946, not much more than £20,000,000 was paid by those with incomes of under £400 a year.

"The class earning from £6 to £8 a week are great in number, and important to production, but their contribution to the national wealth is small in comparison to the costs of collection and the drag on production. The 4,500 increase in the Inland Revenue staff must cost not much less than £1,500,000 a year in salaries; their expenses and administrative costs would bring this up to £2,000,000. Employers themselves, who do most of the work of collecting, have had to assign to this specialized task thousands of men who could be used on production. The cost to industry of administering PAYE cannot be less than £6,000,000.

"Add to this the loss to production through lack of incentive in industry, and it will be seen that the £20,000,000 collected from those who earn less than £400 is hardly worth the trouble.

"Before the war everyone wanted to work overtime to earn more money. Now there is marked reluctance. If we waived income tax on the lower wages categories, we would get it back in the greatly increased production which would result.

"If this could not be done, then taxation would be better at a flat rate on all earnings from the start. It is the man who earns between £6 and £8 who matters in the production programme. At the moment, he'll work up to £5 a week because he seldom pays tax on that. But if he were taxed evenly on all earnings, he might not feel so keenly the transition from tax-free earnings to PAYE.

"I'm not criticizing my workpeople; they're the victims of conditions. If we improve conditions all round we'll get increased output."

What the Charts Show

The lack of incentive in industry is reflected in the absenteeism charts of the large companies. They are not anxious to show them. I have such a chart before me now, which gives the number of people who stayed away from work every day in 1946. The firm employs more than 12,000 people on export production in the Midlands.

There are never less than 700 away from work on any day in the year. The chart, indeed, is monotonously regular in pattern.

On both Mondays and Saturdays it is invariably high, usually more than 1,000. On Friday, of course, absenteeism is lowest—it's pay day. The highest peak of all was the weekend after the annual holiday—1,600 workpeople stayed away.

In that one factory alone, absenteeism accounts for £360,000 of lost export trade.

The situation cannot be allowed to drift—but what can be done?

We could take Gracie's advice and abolish income tax on all incomes less than £400 a year. This would exempt a considerable majority of the wage-earners on primary and productive work, who would feel their rewards were in direct ratio to their effort.

The loss to the Exchequer would be offset, to some extent, by saving the cost of collection, and by the increase in production which, it is said, would result.

An alternative is to adopt the standard deduction from all earnings, wiping out the present system of allowances. For every pound earned, part would go in tax. This might remove from a worker's mind the feeling that, having earned so much, he has little to gain by doing more work.

A third possible choice would be to reduce direct taxation and increase indirect taxation on such things as tobacco, betting and cinemas.

The fourth way out, and, were it possible, the most agreeable to everyone, would be a general all round decrease in taxation.

Under these four choices there might still remain a use for PAYE—if it didn't cost so much. But, in general, the case seems to be fully made out. And the verdict goes against Pay-As-You-Earn.

It is to be hoped that when the T.U.C. Committee submits its report it will not only deal with the effect of PAYE on production but make practical suggestions for stopping the present drift.

DENNIS BARDENS

HOW TO BEAT THE "BLACK" BUILDER

Letters supporting John Bull's plan to beat the "black" builder have come from all parts of the country. Some readers call for expansion of the ten-point plan published in a recent issue. Others point to delays, shortages, departmental lag, poor wages and working conditions as the factors on which the building black market flourishes

URGENCY IS THE KEY-NOTE of all this correspondence—the urgency of a problem which weighs most heavily on those least equipped to bear it.

Over and over again the letters ask why the housing planners do not see to it that not a single man-hour is diverted to the decoration and improvement of habitable premises, while homeless thousands wait.

Two outstanding letters come from men who are self-confessedly and unashamedly engaged in "black" building: one as an employer, the other as an operative.

Employer's Case

First the employer. JOHN BULL, at this reader's request, does not print his name and address. This is what he writes:

"I think it would be a fair estimate to say that at least sixty per cent of the 'black' builders are like myself—*small* builders. Why do we do it? Because we are shut out from the real job of providing houses for the needy. We are not wanted by the councils because we cannot tender for blocks of twelve houses and upwards.

"Neither you nor Bevan will be able to stop 'black' building, or even slow it down to any appreciable extent, unless these small men are allowed to come out in the open.

"As one of them, I know that no amount of controls will stop us operating.

"So give us a chance to prove our worth. Don't shun us because we are small, thereby forcing us to solicit the so-called black market work.

"I have the ground and the labour, and can get the materials to build three houses. I have offered to build them to the council's specification and price. The council has refused me. Why?"

—And Operative's Case

From Newport, Mon., comes the testimony of a "black" building operative. He writes:

"In your ten-point plan there is one large point you miss—the point why craftsmen work for the 'black' builder. There are three reasons:

"1. *Wages.* The hourly rate offered by the 'black' builder varies from one penny to one shilling more than the recognized rates, and he guarantees up to fifty hours a week.

"2. *Messroom accommodation.* 'Black' building work is usually on occupied premises and generally there is a good cup of tea provided by the owner.

"3. *Conditions of work.* Again, work is usually inside—dry and warm.

"Contrast this with normal building:

"1. *Wages.* Recognized T.U. rates. Guaranteed hours. E.W.O. contracts, 44 hours. Normal contracts, 32 hours.

"2. *Messroom accommodation.* Usually some old shed, not good enough for a store because it lets the rain in. A few planks for seats, some tables. No coal, no cooked food. Usually a lad makes unsweetened tea for which you must pay.

"3. *Conditions of work.* On most jobs the roads are there but immediately you leave them it is just mud and more mud. Don't forget the cold winds. To keep your feet dry you must have Wellingtons.

"I ask you, what would you do, chum?

"War record of the building trade—no strikes, no go-slow. We just kept carrying on. Now—no canteen, no wages on Bank Holidays. I know what I'm talking about. I've been a building trade worker for twenty-five years."

From Mr. S. Loving, a painter, of 14 Craig Road, Park Road, Edmonton, London, N.18, comes this suggested "point eleven" for the JOHN BULL plan:

"Give the building trade worker more money. That will stop him turning to black market work for extra cash. The trade rate now is 2s. 7½d. an hour for forty-four hours a week. Unskilled factory workers are getting far more than this, and do not spend half as much on bus fares and meals as builders who travel miles to work.

"Give the builders another pound or two a week and they would go on the 'new' work. Keep things as they are and they turn to the 'black' work for the extra money for wife and children."

Here are some other telling points by readers:

"Let's make housing a military operation," writes one reader, "then and only then will Bevan be able to look straight at me through the camera—and smile"

Military Operation

It is clear to my mind that to get the roof on as many houses as possible the question must be tackled in exactly the same way as the munitions drive was so successfully accomplished.

I cannot believe it is too late to approach such a vital problem on these lines. I believe the average responsible builder would willingly co-operate at a fair and reasonable return for labour and outlay. Otherwise we must be burdened with further hordes of inexperienced officials in an endeavour to curb the activities of the "black" builder.

Let's make it a military operation, if necessary. Then and only then will Bevan and his colleagues be able to look straight at me through the camera lens—and *smile*.—ROBERT C. YOUNG, Builder and Contractor, 162 Rochester Way, Bexley.

PS.—The way to keep out the inexperienced "master builder" is to get him to prove that he has carried out any building construction on his own account. Where and when.

Those Licences

Some cohesion should be shown in the granting of licences. Local authorities are only allowed to license up to £70 worth of work monthly. This sum has to cover necessary building repairs as well as external painting.

Ministerial departments, on the other hand, issue licences for building work up to £1,000 a house and in some instances more.

There have been several cases where this has been done when the house has been quite habitable as it stood. It looks as if Government departments must put their own house in order first.—JOHN LANG, 184 High Street, Street, Somerset.

Delays and Forms

If we contractors could only get on with our work and obtain our material without so much form filling, the black marketeer would be quickly defeated, as we should be getting the work done without delay and at a fair price.

A fair price is of no use to the "black" builders. They are really cashing in on the delay and muddle which prevails under the present system.—L. H. TYLER, 37 Elborough Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

Bring in the People

You have made little mention of the part the public can play. Every man and woman can help wipe out the black building criminals.

Anyone who sees repair work going on and no licence displayed should bring a policeman to the scene. Let's not leave this housing problem entirely to the authorities. It is *we* who are waiting for the houses.

Bring the people in behind the local councils to attack and eliminate the black market.

Let the Government put JOHN BULL's plan into effect and I am convinced we will see the houses being built and the courts filled with the saboteurs.—LES CLIFTON, 112 Hyde Road, Manchester 12.

Observer

On bus journeys across North-West London I have often watched some of these 40,000 operatives "lost" to the building trade redecorating big houses just off the main road.

I have longed to join them. On these "black" jobs one can find good tools, good materials—so that the craftsman can do a job which gives *him* satisfaction, a most important factor.

A point for the Government—there are thousands of different types of luxury goods on the market but can one buy decent tools at fair prices? A plasterer I know has just got a trowel—after waiting three months!—C. F. N., London, N.16.

Tailpiece

Your picture of the five puzzled men (Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his colleagues) caused me much amusement.

When I am puzzled I always put my hand on my cheek, over my mouth, anywhere on my face.

My schoolteacher said it was due to the fact that I am too self-conscious. Can it be that your puzzled five have the same trouble?—(MISS) E. EVANS, 3 Prospect Avenue, Cemetery Road, Pudsey, near Leeds.

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

John Bull readers may share J. B. Priestley's extensive knowledge of men and affairs by submitting their questions on matters of general interest to the Editor (postcards preferred). Although obviously he cannot deal with all the many topics raised, Mr. Priestley will continue to give his views each week on the subjects which interest him most

"Looking ahead to the time when almost every home will have television, what will be the effect on the theatre and cinema?"

Television will take far more people away from cinemas than it will from theatres. It is much more a rival to the film than it is to the play.

Going to the theatre is far more of a social event and "an occasion" than film-going is, and if television can offer entertainment that is as good as that of the cinema, then a large number of people, especially older people, will prefer to stay at home for their entertainment.

But the theatre offers something quite different. It makes you part of an audience under the immediate spell of living players, with the result that every effect is heightened.

That is why the theatre, which is already thousands of years old, will never be ousted by any of these newer forms of entertainment. Its appeal is unique.

Silent films were going to kill theatre-going; then the talkies came to finish it off quickly; and radio, and now television; but the fact remains that there are more people going to the theatre every night now than at any time in our history. And it would be a sad business for these other forms of entertainment if the theatre were to die, for it is in the theatre, in front of an audience, that writers, directors, players, who may afterwards devote themselves to films, radio, television, really learn their essential job—the handling of the audience.

"Do you think you are conceited?"

I am not sure, if only because I vary a great deal.

Adverse criticism tends to harden me into a sort of conceit and a thundering good opinion of myself. But when I find myself being genuinely and warmly praised, I begin to feel humble and to wish I had worked harder and done more to deserve such praise.

I think this variation of attitudes is common among artists of all kinds. Incidentally it is a mistake to imagine that writers, musicians, actors, painters, are our most conceited fellow citizens. In my experience, lawyers and politicians are far more determinedly pleased with themselves.

Successful athletes, who receive so much adulation while they are still young, can easily be spoilt, but the constant testing of their skill and stamina, and the frequent prospect of defeat, tend to weaken their conceit.

Finally, women, on the whole, are far less conceited than men.

"Is it a good policy to encourage unlimited private motoring in a small and densely populated country like ours?"

No, it is not a good policy.

In this matter of motoring-for-all, the law of diminishing returns soon begins to operate. Anybody who has ever been caught in the vast stream of motor traffic on Sundays outside New York will appreciate this fact. And if Londoners all had their own cars, London would be a nightmare of throbbing engines and carbon monoxide.

Although we do need some special roads for heavy traffic, most of us do not want to see this island covered with great ugly motor highways, quite apart from the fact that such roads would take money and labour better employed on other things. Again, a huge increase in private motoring would send the fatality figures soaring, and they are bad enough already.

"A nightmare of throbbing engines and carbon monoxide" is Mr. Priestley's view on traffic jams

I am not saying that we do not need more cars than we have at our disposal at present, but I do say that we should not encourage this notion of cars for all. I would prefer a policy of rapidly improving the various forms of public transport, better bus services and the like, and much greater and cheaper facilities for taxi and hired car services.

"In a recent teen-age quiz, girls claimed love as their chief interest. They were not interested in politics or social conditions. What do you think of this?"

I am sorry they were not interested in politics or social conditions—and were they typical, for I know young girls who are interested in these things?—but there is nothing surprising about the fact that they claimed love as their chief interest. It is by such devices that nature contrives the continuation of our species, and will succeed in keeping us going in spite of our efforts to blow ourselves off this planet.

When young girls stop wondering and worrying about love, then our end is probably in sight. What is wrong is that not enough mature women, whose love-life can look after itself, interest themselves in political and social questions, and see themselves as responsible citizens.

Far too many women allow themselves to be deceived by false values ("Keeping up with the Robinsons"—as they call it in America); to be duped by unscrupulous commercial interests; and are too afraid of boldly denouncing all the things that are bad and rotten in our society.

I should like to see far more women in political life, particularly on town and county councils.

"What are some of the worst years and the best years you remember?"

An interesting question.

Among the worst years I would put 1917, when the war seemed to be dragging on for ever and people were weary and cynical; 1938-39, with Munich and the ever-increasing menace of Nazism; and, to a lesser extent, the present year, chiefly because international relations are proving so much more difficult than we imagined earlier.

Among the best years I would include 1911, when I was just beginning to write and grow up; 1919, because I was demobilized from the Army and going to Cambridge, and the League of Nations looked a grand idea; 1940 from Dunkirk onwards, because the nation awoke from its sleep and there was a feeling of noble power and purpose in the very air.

There have, of course, been dead-black patches and gloriously coloured ones in other years, chiefly for private reasons, but I think the above is a fair statement of my worst and best years so far.

Private View of C. B. Cochran

GILT-EDGED SHOWMAN

"IT'S THE HERO WORSHIPPER in me," C. B. Cochran declares, accounting for the success of his association with the greatest names in entertainment for nearly half a century. He remembers when he brought Bernhardt to London and presented Duse, Chaliapine, the Guitrys.

"I've never tried to please the public," he says. "I've pleased myself and hoped the public would be pleased, too."

Now he's an old man, sparking on one kidney and crippled with osteo-arthritis, but dapper and amusing, with a kindly handshake.

As a cult, Cochran began his hero worship at Brighton in the eighteen eighties where the celebrities of the day would assemble for a glittering season. His father pointed them out to young Charlie, then at Brighton Grammar School.

When he was suddenly presented with the necessity of having to earn his own living, Cochran started work in the office of a surveyor and hated it; took up singing in music halls and failed at it. So, at nineteen, he went to America.

For months he was hard up, doing a variety of jobs, until he wormed himself gradually into small stage parts. He considered himself an actor until, when he was working for Richard Mansfield, that great actor offered him the job of secretary.

Ten years later he was back in Europe, looking for a job, writing, meeting theatre people. In Paris he spotted Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* as a vehicle for Mansfield. It was a fantastic success.

Thereafter for C. B. C. a future was assured. He would become a promoter.

In the years that followed, travelling between London and New York, he presented nearly every contemporary star. He extended his showmanship to the circus, the ring and the fair. He made a fortune worth several hundred thousand.

By 1925 he had lost it. It was after the Rodeo at Wembley. Things had not worked out as he had planned and Cochran had speculated his profits on other shows. Five months later he had paid up his debt of £90,000 and was back on the road to success.

At seventy-four he often looks back, but he looks forward, too, planning future productions.

Headquarters of the Cochran organization, at 49 Old Bond Street, isn't the sort of headquarters one would expect of London's most famous producer.

How many stars have waited in that dingy anteroom, weak about the knees, before a first audition?

"What can he do?" a ballerina, magician or a baritone must have asked so often. "He can't sing, dance or juggle. Yet we tremble in case he doesn't smile that smile of satisfaction!"

Cochran may not perform but he is a one-man cohesive unit. He delegates only departmental work. Final decisions are his. He is Cochran.

THERE'S time enough to dream, and if he does and a secretary happens to be around to take down his thoughts and memories, they make very fine reading. There are five books that he has dictated.

The manuscript of one such book of memories, *Cock-a-doodle-do*, is a collector's piece if there ever was one. He sent it to Shaw who returned it with annotations scrawled over the margins. And when Dennis Mackail wrote *The Story of J. M. Barrie*, Cochran got a copy and pasted in his letters from the famous playwright.

These treasures he keeps in a Chippendale desk in his office. It is a bright room overlooking the sparkle and movement of Bond Street. At the window is a bureau with a statuette of the Dolly Sisters. There's a piano and on top of it a bust of Cochran's librettist, Sir Alan Herbert.

The walls are adorned with signed photographs of the great stars of fifty years ago—and today.

Always ready to travel, he keeps his three wardrobe trunks in the office, their sides plastered with a multitude of destinations. They must have misled his future mother-in-law once because she described him apprehensively as a "man about too many towns" and forbade her daughter Evelyn to see him again.

Evelyn wasn't dutiful. She wept. She told her mother she loved Charlie and *would* see him.

So Evelyn was packed off to Dublin. There her uncle put her on the train that was to take her to an Irish convent. But Charlie had followed her and was keeping out of sight in the next compartment. After Evelyn had kissed her uncle goodbye and the train had pulled out of the station, the young lovers got together again. She was nineteen; he twenty-nine.

At the next station they took a train back to Dublin, returned to London and were married by special licence at the register office in Henrietta Street.

The wedding breakfast was at the nearby Covent Garden Hotel. It consisted of a bottle of champagne and a few biscuits.

SHE has scarcely changed; frailer maybe, and her eyes may seem a little tired—but she's the same person Cochran married over forty-five years ago, with a sly humour and a fund of anecdotes.

She has never bothered to bask in the sunshine of her husband's success. It is artificial sunlight anyway, she feels, and if it were possible she would turn off the lamp, disconnect the telephone and live in the country.

"I'm so tired of geniuses," she says. "I can't even spell the word. What I'd love," she goes on, "would be to live in the country with a plough boy's wife. Or with a plough boy," she adds.

The Cochrans live in a small flat near Buckingham Gate with the simple and beautiful things they have collected together.

He goes to the pictures and nearly every stage performance in London; not so many first nights now as these have become a little tiring to him, but preferably matinees. His taste is catholic. "I'd rather see a good juggler than a bad Hamlet;" he affirms. He has seen over seventy Hamlets.

He is an *aficionado*—he loves bull fighting. Had he thought that the British stomach could stand it he would have brought the spectacle to England.

But when he relaxes he reads and talks. He is essentially a connoisseur. Not only of the good things of life but of life itself. There is about him a zest and a tang that age will not extinguish. He has brought out the best in people.

Charlie the Lion Hearted, Mrs. Cochran calls him.

He is never down because he knows he will be up again, never out of the game because he will never lose his last chip, never ill because he won't admit it and never weary of the show business so long as there are pretty faces and shapely legs to find for a chorus.

"He's leading a very pure life at the moment," his wife jests, "but I dread to think what he'll be like in ten years!"

DENNIS HOLMAN

TALKING POINTS ABOUT SUGAR

WORLD SUGAR SUPPLIES for the year 1945-46 total about 25 million tons, but this is only four-fifths of the pre-war figure. Java, Formosa and the Philippines, which used to produce one-fifth of world needs, are still suffering from the effects of Japanese occupation. New plantations do not yield for two years.

★ ★ ★

Pre-war sugar consumption in Britain was 104 lb. a head each year. Corresponding figures: U.S.A., 110 lb.; France and Germany, less than 60 lb.; Poland, 27 lb.; China, 3 lb. During the war our consumption fell to 68 lb.; in the United States it was never below 89.

★ ★ ★

Germany, despite her low consumption figure, was a sugar exporter. In 1913 Britain imported 1,604,090 tons from Europe (largely from Germany) and only 363,985 tons from Peru, Cuba, Mauritius and the West Indies; that is, we imported about five times as much beet sugar as cane sugar. European sugar is all from beet.

★ ★ ★

In between-war years world sugar consumption was steadily rising. A country's sugar figure was an index of its general standard of living, for people bought, broadly speaking, as much as they could afford. But sugar planters did not prosper correspondingly. They needed a world price of at least 12s. per hundredweight (some authorities said 14s.), but in the 1930s the price dropped to 6s. 6d.—even to five shillings.

★ ★ ★

Britain's last sugar-beet crop was remarkably good—3,886,000 tons, against 3,248,000 tons in 1944-45, that is two tons per acre better. The 47,000 growers got £17,339,000, of which £3,972,226 was state subsidy. The eighteen processing factories, which cost £700,000 each, all worked at high pressure. To handle the daily intake of 3,000 tons of beet, a factory evaporates 672,000 gallons of water.

★ ★ ★

Beet sugar is indistinguishable from cane, *and does not make jams mouldy*. Sugar cane gives 5½ tons of commercial sugar per acre; beet gives about two tons. In a wet year the sugar-yield of beet falls, for it is the sun that makes sugar. Beet cannot, in Britain, compete with cane—hence the subsidy. During the war our beet growers produced 650,000 tons of sugar a year.

★ ★ ★

Saccharin has nothing to do with sugar. It is a coal-tar product which sets up a tingling similar to sweetness in our taste nerves; it is harmless, but lacks all nutritive value. Fahlberg, a research chemist at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, complained one evening in 1879 that someone had spilt the sugar on the bread. He discovered that the sweetness came from his hands. Though carefully washed, they still carried traces of a chemical derived from the *o*-toluenesulphonamide on which he was working.

★ ★ ★

A solution of sugar causes a ray of polarized light to twist when passing through it—the stronger the sugar, the greater the rotation. This method is used to assess the strength of sugars. Dextrose is so called because the rotation of the beam is to the right. (Dexter is Latin for the right hand.) Laevulose, a type of fruit sugar, gives a rotation to the left.

★ ★ ★

Sugar is said not to be necessary to health. The saliva of the mouth changes starch to sugar, thus meeting our needs. Sugar, as we know it today, is a recent addition to human diet. Until the West Indian plantations were started, sweetness came largely from fruits and honey.

★ ★ ★

Sugar growers fear over-production and slump. Hence research into other uses for sugar. Anti-freeze, ethers, plastics and resins have already been made; also perfume bases. And sugar-cane fibre has been successfully used as reinforcement in modern road construction, and in coast-erosion defences.

"The murky Tyne winds down to the sea, past districts which gave Britain its maritime supremacy in the past—and are now giving it back again"

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (7)

BUSTLE ON THE TYNE

by GORDON BECKLES

In his search for the shape of tomorrow, John Bull's Special Correspondent visits prosperous Newcastle. Among the people he finds a new spirit—a confidence in their own future

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS was heard to say, not so long ago: "Newcastle? A lovely place!"

And that is really why I am here today. I think a word of self-explanation is needed at this pause in my journey around Britain. I am one of those lucky men who can be thrilled by odd and simple things.

Coloured railway lights at dusk and the glow of factories seen from a passing train; wet city pavements in the early morning's grey; dark alleys threading into more darkness; the noise of a busy river on its passage to the sea; drifting smoke and the ageing cloak of soot—all these can conjure up for me more magic than ever sunshine and blue skies.

I like, in fact—Newcastle.

This is the capital of another of our Britains-within-Britain, the country called the "nor'-east," with its population of nearly three millions, isolated by the Pennines to the west, the sea to the east and the Yorkshire moors to the south. This is the country which cradled Stephenson's *Rocket*, the first incandescent lamp, the first *Mauretania* and the first turbine ship.

And so: what next?

The story this time starts with a queue of excited children—hundreds of them—lined up off Grey Street in the centre of Newcastle.

For bread? For fish? No!

To see a stage version of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. You wouldn't have seen those kids with their mothers and elder sisters ten or fifteen years ago when I was up here. There was no money then to send children to the theatre—at least, before pantomime time began.

Now there is money; this is the most prosperous place I have come to yet. You can see it in people's faces, in the way they move so briskly about the streets, in the crowds in the shops whose expansive plate-glass windows still make a Londoner wonder; in the whole spirit of this bustling metropolis.

Facts? In an area containing about two and a half million people the unemployed figure hovers around 40,000. But this is an area where unemployed figures are more than usually misleading; it is an area of shipyards where continuous employment can never be expected.

The Magnetic North

I am getting away from those kids. . . .

In the days of the depression there were areas up here—notably Middlesbrough—which had the highest birth-rate in the country. And it is the children born in the early thirties who are playing a chief part in one of the several revolts being staged here and in varying degree all over England.

There is, for instance, the revolt of the north against the south, this flight from bloated London which between wars attracted too many millions from the smaller cities. The result: a shortage of labour-power in the south which is frightening manufacturers who want to start new factories. The

About one-fifth of world's shipbuilding is in progress in Tyne region . . . a young Tynesider shows Beckles signs of activity that has brought prosperity. But over-forties know slumps can follow booms

manufacturers are coming north, yes, even away from places like Leeds; they are drifting to the nor'-east, where they hear there are plenty of girls who want or will be wanting jobs.

And here I have come upon another issue, characteristic of the whole country: the heightening combat between light and heavy industry.

Few, if any, of the men I have been talking to this week like this invasion of women and young girls into the traditional home of shipbuilding, marine engineering and mechanical monsters.

Mostly, these newcomers jostling each other are textile and plastic firms. Out at Sunderland there are plans for "woman" factories to make refrigerators, wireless valves, telephones, toys, confectionery (this in Durham city) and lingerie.

Down in South Wales they were tempting such firms to come along and start factories; up here the local Board of Trade men have been trying to frighten away the more trivial and feminine, which would upset the balance.

"It's a matter of timing," one of Sir Stafford Cripps's planners explained to me. "We want to get the new enterprises going before the old ones are in danger of slumping."

The depression in the "heavy" industries which followed the last war is still in the minds of everyone over forty up here.

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The balance between new private factories and those with Treasury grants is being reasonably kept, with private enterprise still considerably in the lead, and the Treasury factories concentrating on male labour.

I asked a Board of Trade man the number of projects now approved for this area and he was frank enough to tell me that (as usual) figures are misleading.

"The number of 'approved' projects in my area is 554, and the other day a newspaper came out with a headline: 'Five Hundred New Factories.' But a project is anything from a new canteen to a wash-house; there are actually 120 new factory projects in the north-east."

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And now for another sort of revolt.

Knocking about the country one is constantly startled at what the B.B.C. and the American talkie have done to our England.

You walk down a quiet Devon lane (or a narrow Cardiff alley, or a Huddersfield passage, or a Belfast "entry") and instead of accents indigenous to the place—what do you hear? As like as not a cultured B.B.C. voice from Langham Place talking what used to be known as lah-di-dah. Or if not that, then some chit of a schoolgirl, who ought to know better, saying: "Aw, be your age, ya big bozo, quit stallin' and do ya stuff."

Now up here in the nor'-east, we have a highly vigorous accent; about a dozen of them, they tell me; and a highly-developed sense of individuality. We don't like all this alien material being broadcast.

At the moment there is rebellion against the B.B.C. plugging more North Ireland material into Newcastle ears than is necessary. More, they are campaigning up here for a proper radio station all of their own.

For the Tyneside still treasures that remarkable dialect known as "Geordie," which sounds to such alien ears as mine like a Cockney with a sore throat trying to talk Tyneside.

Which, Translated, Means—

Not so long ago an ingenious enthusiast of a religious turn of mind tried giving the "Song of Solomon" to Tynesiders to translate. The results are fascinating. One started:

The sang iv a' sangs, thats Solomons
Let him kiss us wi' the kisses iv his mooth
For thaw luves better nor wine.

Other openings were:

The sang abeun a' sangs is Solomon;
The sang uv sangs, whilks Solomons;
The sang iv a'tother sangs, King Solomons is best.

Which may indicate that Newcastle and the Tyne are laws unto themselves; and proud of it.

★ ★ ★

I went down to the quays where all this talk started in the days of the "keel lads o' coaly Tyne," of whom we have all heard a lassie sing.

Here is the heart of the Tyneside of the past and perhaps still the heart of its future. A tug takes you winding down the murky river to the sea, past districts which have given Britain its maritime supremacy, and by heaven, are giving it back again. Past Gateshead, and the Walker yards, and Hebburn, Howdon pans, to South Shields and to Tynemouth, where lascars and Chinese most disconcertingly talk "Geordie."

Today, with Sunderland a few miles down the coast, about one fifth of the whole shipbuilding of the world is in progress here; perhaps more than one fifth. Certainly more than in any other part of the British Isles, which has now recaptured sixty per cent of the world's shipbuilding.

Most of the new ships being built are oil-engined, although there is one new 12,000-ton turbo-electric vessel. Strangely enough, most of the building appears (if one can judge through the veil of secrecy which the shipbuilders have inherited from Admiralty control) to be for foreign owners, for France, Norway, Portugal and South American firms.

It was down here that I talked to an unemployed man; he was an engine fitter, but only temporarily out of work.

"If I were a plumber or upholsterer or french polisher I should be working today," he said. "Those are the trades they want in my yard this month."

For shipbuilding is a trade employing so many others that unemployment is all part of the game even in prosperous times.

★ ★ ★

I talked to the inevitable pretty girl.

She said that Newcastle was her home, of course, but for her it meant just work; she had thought of going south. There was more fun there. . . .

Here is the other side of that revolt I have written about, that battle between men and women as to who is to work and who keep the home.

Newcastle is a man's town, a town—or a city, for it has the appearance of a great city in the centre—full of tallish, mostly blue-eyed men; the pubs are packed with them, all very jolly and manly (there seems an infinite number of pubs).

But what of the women? Where do they come in? To wait in the queues for the butcher, the baker and the cinemas on a wet Friday night while their menfolk crowd round the fire in the local and get ready for Saturday's fiesta of football and dogs?

If women continue to make inroads into industry, one day soon a new type of suffragette is going to arise in the land and make her voice heard in the tones of Mrs. Pankhurst.

What will she cry? MORE FUN FOR WOMEN, I think.

My search for the shape of tomorrow in the nor'-east has revealed no dazzling vision of housing estates, ultra-modern factories or jet-propelled buses.

The new thing about Newcastle is the new spirit of the people themselves; they have a confidence and a faith in tomorrow more sober—say the greybeards—than the workers who faced the future in 1918 with money in their pockets but no care for what was to come.

The "keel lads" are rowing well indeed at the moment; *and* the lassies.

(Next Week: Tomorrow—in the West End of London)

This Tyne bridge symbolizes Newcastle's engineering skill. Today, light industries — the making of sweets as well as the building of ships—are being planned

BIBLE FILMS NEED MORE FUNDS

Sincere efforts to bring Bible themes to the screen in a worthy setting are hopelessly handicapped by lack of funds. Cheaply-made productions cannot do justice to the world's greatest story. Yet public demand for Bible films undoubtedly exists. Backing is needed to meet that demand

by CYRIL JAMES

FILMING THE BIBLE IS an enterprise which has always appealed to the cinema speculator. There is a ready-made audience in practically every part of the world. The story is free. The theme attracts to the cinema people who would not ordinarily go.

The vague idea that it is "daring" to put Scripture on the screen gets the film talked about. The script-writer has no living author to curb any flights of imagination he may wish to make.

So at intervals we have seen a series of "epics" based on Biblical themes. Most of them were in lamentable taste but they all made money.

At one time Cecil B. de Mille seemed to have cornered the market. *The Ten Commandments* offered him the opportunity of crowding thousands of whiskery extras into gigantic lath and plaster sets. *Noah's Ark* gave him the run of the menagerie. He is currently reported to be grappling with *Samson and Delilah*.

Meanwhile, some years after the first spate of "religious" super-films, a small band of people, realizing the power of motion pictures in the hands of the clergy, started to film the Bible simply and sincerely.

They deemed it an urgent Christian duty to make a series of Biblical films, following the words of the Bible as closely as possible and, in the New Testament stories, putting the figure of Christ on the screen.

The project was given the blessing of all Churches, the good wishes of the commercial studios—and precious little else.

Some of these films have recently been shown to the critics in this country. They have arrived here because of the hard work done by a young Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Brian Hession, vicar of Holy Trinity, Aylesbury.

Hession, a pioneer of religious films in Britain, is chairman of Bible Films, the non-profitmaking charity which makes and distributes religious films in this country.

The critics reviewed two of these films politely but coolly. They said that they did not care to apply box-office standards of judgment to these twenty- or thirty-minute films. They awarded the producers a pat on the back for good intentions but few marks for public appeal.

Offensive Parodies

So we are left with the extraordinary position that while major studios can spend thousands of pounds showing glamour girls having a foam bath, the world's greatest story is presented with the imperfections and crudities that come from lack of funds.

The whole resources of leading studios—famous stars, internationally known directors, highly paid technicians, elaborate costumes, hosts of extras and teams of script-writers—have been devoted in the past to the task of making colossal pseudo-Biblical films which finally emerge as offensive parodies, throwing ridicule on true religion.

And we can find £1,300,000 to spend on turning a play about Caesar and Cleopatra into a coloured film—but only £5,000 can be raised to cover the entire cost of a film showing Jesus preaching by the Sea of Galilee.

Yet an international organization exists today to film the Bible with truth and sincerity, for the instruction of children everywhere. It consists of a handful of people who, lacking funds, have to work from hand to mouth in an American canyon.

Their films, made by obscure players, with every cost cut to the bone, inevitably lack the polish that the theme calls for.

Now this has to be said: If the American public's attitude to religious films is way back in mid-Victorian days, then we in Britain are still in the Stone Age. Despite the work done by pioneer clergy, assisted by voluntary workers, we are far behind the Americans in our standards of religious films.

True, the Church of England pioneers have made some short documentaries and have made sound films of church services. The Methodists have completed some instructional films.

But the people most closely concerned with these films know very well they are not an adequate contribution to the urgent and increasing demand.

After a talk with Brian Hession and some of his workers, I am only too aware of the indifference these pioneers have encountered in quarters where a little practical support might have been expected.

Just sixteen years ago, Hession, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, became interested in religious instructional films.

As a curate in London he made his first religious film, *In This Strange Confusion*. It was amateurish but taught him a lot.

Then in 1937 he went to America and started remaking the grandfather of all religious films, *From the Manger to the Cross*, which was first filmed in Palestine in 1913. He converted this old silent film into a sound picture with music and a running commentary.

Meanwhile, a young American Episcopal clergyman named James K. Friedrich was working on the same lines. He had started hammering on the doors of film studios, pleading with them to make Biblical films. The commercial film-makers gave him an unequivocal "*No.*" People wanted to be entertained, not instructed.

Friedrich's father died and left him some money. He used it to make a religious film called *The Great Commandment*. Wisely, he employed a top-rank director, Irving Pichel, to handle the film, which was so good that Twentieth Century-Fox broke their own rule and purchased the completed production they themselves had not made.

The film was bought—and shelved. It is still on the shelf.

But with the money he received for *The Great Commandment* Friedrich was able to start on his series of purely Bible films for use in churches. The friendly owner of a ranch in Topangua Canyon, some miles outside Hollywood, allowed him to build a permanent set on his property and shooting began.

Soon the pioneers came sharply up against financial difficulties. These troubles—and they will be intensified once we make a real start on Bible films in Britain—still hamper this important work.

To begin with, all the actors and actresses must be paid the agreed "trade union" rates. Even if they wished to work free of cost, their wages would have to be allocated. Some of them hand back their wages but these are a minority, for even Biblical film players have to live.

Each twenty-minute film costs between £5,000 and £6,000 to make. This low figure is only possible because the script is worked out by a "breakdown" team long before production begins. These script-writers do not labour to polish and improve the film. Finance forces them to cut out all unnecessary movement and development.

Retakes are virtually impossible. Even though an actor might give a mediocre performance of a significant part of the Scripture, it has to stay put unless the most serious mistake has been made.

What of the millionaire stars? Have they never volunteered to help? The answer is that they have. Many world-famous actors have tried to appear voluntarily, even anonymously, in these Bible pictures.

But the big film corporations are adamant. Contracts must be honoured to the letter. Their expensive stars are not to be wasted on teaching screen Christianity to children.

It was when Hession went to Hollywood to link up the British effort with the American that he saw even more clearly the obstacles in the way of a regular series of British religious films.

So, as an interim measure, it was agreed that British religious films should continue their present modest programme, while his organization, Bible Films of Aylesbury, would share in production costs by paying a £750 royalty for each picture.

Money Embargo

Eventually the first three pictures were sent across the Atlantic. When they arrived in Britain—in Britain, with its strong religious tradition—they stayed eighteen months in bond for lack of £3,000 to release them.

Today eleven of these films are being shown in churches, youth clubs, hostels and mission halls in this country. Some critics have poured cold water on them. Even the sponsors admit their imperfections.

But the most astonishing feature has been the supreme indifference of the British film industry to this crusade.

There exist in Britain hundreds of cinemas which, on Saturday mornings, put on special programmes for children. Circuits have formed their own children's cinema clubs—and one of the headaches of the promoters has been to find enough suitable films to keep these programmes going.

Yet despite the fact that many educationists have repeatedly asked for these short Biblical films,

Palestine—in California. Makers of Bible films at work near Hollywood

Jesus speaks at Galilee. An unknown actor plays the biggest role of all

Two parson film-makers in conference—Hession of Britain and Friedrich of U.S.

and despite the many pleas made by the distributors of the productions, permission has never been given for the Bible films to find their ideal presentation—in the regular children's programme.

An assured weekly rental from the hundreds of children's cinema clubs would speed the day when more ambitious productions might be started.

Yet at the moment it is left to enthusiasts either to spend all they can afford with no hope of return, or to go around, cap-in-hand, asking fellow Christians to subsidize the work.

It is not a pretty situation in a country where the leaders of all denominations point to dwindling attendances at Sunday schools, to ebbing interest in religious matters, and stress the urgency of a vigorous campaign to attract youth to the churches and chapels. How can we refuse to help the Church to use the most powerful medium reaching the minds of children?

What is wrong about these Bible films?

First of all, they do not match up with the technical standards many of us have come to expect even from official shorts.

Secondly, there are not enough of them. Quite apart from the enormous demand at home, missionaries in all parts of the world are clamouring for copies as the ideal method of imparting the Gospel story to native peoples. No copies at all are available for this work.

Thirdly, despite the fact that the American producers do everything to make internationally-acceptable versions of the Bible stories, little solecisms of accent and idiom will creep in. One reason why Hession visited Hollywood was to plead for an "international" accent, as near as possible to standard English.

And what can be done about it all?

More effective support must come from the film industry itself. The profits of British films are not so meagre that money could not be spared to subsidize this important work.

Willing technical assistance is available. But even raw celluloid costs money—to say nothing of all that goes to put the picture on it.

Stars, feature players and technicians ready to participate in the work should be released from contractual obligations for such a purpose.

But the film industry is not the only source to which these pioneers are entitled to turn.

The Government has admitted the principle of the subsidizing of films.

Educational films are subsidized by the Board of Education. The War Department finds the money for the making of military training films. The Ministry of Information poured out money on national information and propaganda films.

It has been found possible to release stage and screen stars from their contracts to take part in Government-subsidized short films. One or two celebrities have even been lent to put the Ministry of Food's "Flash" films over most effectively.

Is the proper use of food points a more essential factor in the life of the nation than the religious instruction of the young?

Conscience—Not Cash Alone

Logically, the Church might be assumed to be responsible for religious films.

So far the Church has not contributed a penny.

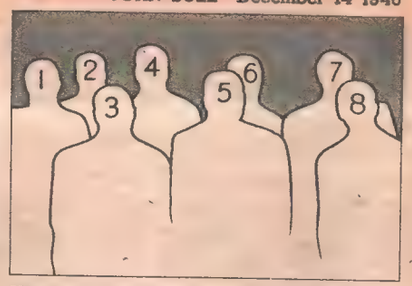
It is quite clear that the religious film—purely intended for instruction—can never be entirely independent of subsidies from one source or another. The film of deep spiritual qualities, made by any religious community, will never have a complete appeal to the booking manager of the chain cinemas. Therefore, however good its quality, it can never expect a complete coverage distribution.

The commercial conception of screen religion tends to begin and end with the spectacle of Bing Crosby in a dog-collar.

Can we honestly stand back and say this is none of our business, because in the past generations of children learned the Christian faith without the screen being recruited as teacher? Children today *think* in terms of pictures, moving or still, coloured or monochrome.

It isn't a comfortable question to consider. This isn't a comfortable subject.

In the final analysis, it is not so much a matter of available cash as available conscience.



Here are members of Spain's "shadow" Government: (1) Jose Leiva, (2) Santiago Carrillo, (3) Jose Giral, (4) Manuel Irujo, (5) Diego Martinez Barrio, (6) Rafael Sanchez Guerra, (7) Manuel Torrez Campana, (8) Gen. Juan Fernandez Saravia. Will they take Franco's place one day? And if they do achieve power, can they be certain of avoiding bloodshed?

THEY ARE READY AND WILLING

The man in the street wonders why, eighteen months after victory over Fascism, the Franco regime still holds sway in Spain. Waiting in exile for the day when it can assume power is the Spanish Republican Government, which declares it could bring democracy to Spain without renewed civil war. So far, the Western Powers have not recognized it

THE HOUSEWIFE LEANED over the stall in Walthamstow High Street and asked: "Have you any olive oil?" "No, lady," said the street trader, "and you won't find none till they get rid of Franco and have a proper respectable democratic government in Spain like what we've got."

Now, to blame Franco for our lack of olive oil is over-simplifying that particular aspect of the world food problem—after all, they grow lots of olives in Italy, North Africa, Greece and the Levant. But the conversation stuck in my mind as showing how the problem of Spain and its Government is arousing public interest at all levels.

UNO is debating whether or not to withdraw diplomatic relations from Franco Spain and perhaps even impose economic sanctions. One section of the Labour Party is at loggerheads with the Cabinet on the Spanish question. Spain was the one specific point of foreign policy on which the T.U.C. voted overwhelmingly against the Government.

There is in fact a general feeling that there is something wrong about a country which still preserves its Fascist government long after the ending of the war to eradicate Fascism from Europe.

Responsible British Ministers have described Franco's government as "unpalatable and repugnant." The United Nations Organization has refused to let his representative sit at its conference table.

Yet the Western democracies, led by the United States and ourselves, are not enthusiastic about the Spanish Republican Government which is now in Paris waiting to cross the Pyrenees and take over power.

When the proposal for breaking off diplomatic and economic relations with Franco was recently presented to the Political Committee of UNO's General Assembly, the United States delegate, supported by Britain, suggested that Franco should merely be advised to surrender power and allow "a provisional government" to organize free elections. It is significant that the United States representative did *not* mention the alternative Spanish Government now in Paris.

What, then, *is* this Spanish Republican Government? Is there something "phoney" about it? Is it a gang of wild and woolly Reds? Is it unrepresentative of the people and democratic parties of Spain?

I have been investigating. I have checked its history and composition. I have questioned some of the few Spaniards who can discuss politics with freedom—those who are in exile. I have been to Paris to talk to Ministers of the Republican Government.

This is the Background

First, a brief outline of its history. A Republican government came into power in Spain at the general election of 1931, superseding the monarchy of Alfonso. It was re-elected in 1936, just before the outbreak of the Franco rebellion.

In February, 1939, when Franco and his foreign allies had conquered Spain, the President, Señor Azana, resigned. In accordance with the constitution, he was automatically succeeded by the Speaker of the Cortes, Martinez Barrio.

During the second World War, those of the former democratic leaders of Spain who had managed to escape remained passive at the request of the Allies, who did not wish to be embarrassed by the tricky Spanish problem while they were dealing with Germany, Italy and Japan.

In October, 1945, a meeting of the Cortes was convened in Mexico City and Barrio was officially invested as President. Señor Negrin, Prime Minister up to the time of the Government's overthrow by Franco, handed in his resignation and advised the President to call on Dr. Jose Giral to form a government.

Augusto Barcia says the Republicans have their own military leaders ready to take over in Spain

That government has since been recognized by eleven states, and has been permitted by the French to set up its offices in Paris, which amounts to semi-recognition.

I asked some of the exiled Spaniards who served with me in the British Army during the war what were their reactions to this government. Many supported it. But what I wanted was criticism. "What are the things you do *not* like about it?" I asked.

"They are too representative of the old gang," said one. "There are too many of them who were in power when Franco started his revolt. I do not trust them because they should have taken steps to suppress Franco earlier."

"I am frightened of the possible bloodshed," said another. "I am one who should be crying for

Mr. Attlee, with Labour colleagues Ellen Wilkinson, Francis Noel-Baker and John Dugdale, visited the Republican trenches in Madrid during the Civil War, when the Spanish capital became a front-line town in the long drawn-out struggle against Franco's men

revenge. My sister is still imprisoned by Franco—she has been there for eight years—at thirty her life is ruined.

"But I hate the idea of civil war breaking out in Spain again. I believe this government will not be able to stop it in the early months, because the army will refuse to serve under a Republican government, and without the army it will be impossible to keep order."

"I prefer Prieto's plan," said another. "He has suggested that no government should be set up until elections have been held in Spain, supervised by Britain, the United States and the South American Republics."

"Let us have a government which is not connected with either side in the Civil War," said a fourth, "to ensure that there are no excesses of revenge. There are men who have never been associated with either side who could form such a government—men of the international reputation of Madariaga, for instance."

These are some of the criticisms from the Spaniards themselves—men who fought in their own Civil War and our World War and have lost ten years of their lives solely for the sake of democracy.

What are our own Foreign Office objections to this government?

Here we must guess, for they have never been formally stated, but it seems that they are (a) a desire to see the monarchy re-installed in Spain, with Alfonso's son, Don Juan, as king, and (b) a fear that the new government could not be counted upon to present so uncompromising a face to Russia as Franco does.

This last is a very real fear, since Spain, looming behind Gibraltar, is as vital to our communications as the Suez Canal at the opposite end of the Mediterranean. Why else did Hitler and Mussolini send their troops to conquer Spain for Fascism?

In addition, Hector McNeil, Minister of State, has announced that a government outside Spain is not in a position to exercise effective authority. I doubt if this was more than a hasty reply in debate—for did we not recognize the governments of Norway, Belgium, Holland and the others who came to us for refuge when *their* countries came under Fascist domination?

What answer has the Spanish Republican Government to make to these criticisms?

I talked with Manuel Irujo, Minister of Industry and Commerce, and representative of the Basque Autonomists in the Republican Government. Fifty-three years old, Irujo is a typical member of the Government — earnest, religious, liberal, highly educated, and as far from the wild, atheistic, communistic figure of Franco-inspired propaganda as could be imagined.

Irujo, in the days before 1936, was a lawyer, a company director and property owner. For defending democracy he has had all his property sequestrated by Franco and has been fined tens of millions of pesetas. During the Civil War, Franco imprisoned his seventy-eight years old mother, his seventeen-year-old daughter, four brothers and two sisters.

"A Don Quixote"

After the Franco victory, Irujo came to England, worked as a journalist, and played the organ at the Catholic church at Redhill. He looks back happily on his time here; says "the Basques, of all the people of the Spanish peninsula, most resemble the English. We are preponderantly a middle-class people, without the extremes of wealth and poverty that exist in other parts of Spain."

From Irujo's office in the Avenue Marceau I went to the Avenue Foch, where white-haired Augusto Barcia, Minister of the Treasury ("a Don Quixote of the twentieth century" was how Irujo described him), was acting as Prime Minister during the absence of Premier Giral in New York.

Barcia, like Irujo, is a lawyer. He is also a Doctor of Laws, a member of the French Legion of Honour, a university professor, and the author of the standard biography of General San Martin, who helped Wellington to clear Bonaparte out of Spain and later liberated the Argentine.

To Barcia I put the problem of how the Spanish Government was to keep order in the period immediately following its resumption of power.

Irujo had already pointed out to me that the army had loyally supported the Government when it first came to power on the abdication of Alfonso. Barcia commented that there are many high-ranking officers in Franco's present army who are in sympathy with the Republicans.

"We intend to avoid another civil war at all costs," he said. "We shall use some of the existing army to preserve order. We have our own military leaders ready to take over. We have our own skeleton police force already in being, and I have received communications from many police officers actually inside Spain, offering their services."

Very earnestly, he added: "This government would not make a single effort to get back into Spain unless it was *convinced* that it could preserve order."

So serious is this problem of the initial preservation of order, that the idea of setting up a government of men who are still in Spain—men of the Madariaga type—is not possible until *after* some other fully-constituted government has taken power and made free elections possible.

Barcia is optimistic about their chances of return in the comparatively near future. He claims that diplomatic sanctions against Franco will be enough to unseat him, and need not be backed by economic sanctions which would, of course, strike hardest at the depressed inhabitants of Franco's police state whom the Government wishes to save.

"If only Mr. Attlee will carry out the policy of support for the Republic which he promised in a speech in Madrid during the Civil War, all will be well," he said. "Already many of Franco's supporters are leaving Spain—seeing the change ahead."

The Monarchy Issue

As for the possibility of the monarchy returning: "If there had been any support at all inside Spain, even from the allegedly-monarchist army, Don Juan, with the support he has had from Britain, would have been back there long ago.

"The only people who support him are a few bankers and financiers. To Britain, so happy in its monarchy, it seems that a king must be a good thing for any country—your people do not realize that monarchy has never been a palatable institution for the Latin races."

It does, indeed, seem as though the monarchist aspirations can be written off. Juan March, the financial giant of Spain, was until recently a backer of Don Juan. Now he has deserted the monarchists as he previously deserted Franco. It looks like the writing on the wall.

What of the last problem: the fear that Spain may turn Red? It is not only our own Foreign Office and the United States which has that idea—a friend of mine, hearing that I had been to visit the Spanish Republican Government, said: "Good lord, are you going Communist now?"

What produces that reaction? The fact that the Republicans got aid from Russia during the Civil War? They did—and paid the highest market prices for it because no other country would supply them with material in any quantities.

The fact that Giral has chosen one Communist as a Minister? That is surely not a high proportion in a Cabinet of fourteen.

The fact that Spaniards as a nation are addicted to Communism? That is sheer nonsense, for there is scarcely any form of government that could appeal less to the Spanish temperament. But it is true that, if they cannot find help elsewhere, these oppressed people may again turn to Russia.

Listen to what Giral said to his Parliament in November last year:

"We aspire to overcome the opposition between the West and Russia, the leader of the European East. . . . Britain is Spain's first and most important market. This fact has firmly rooted our country in the West and from there it has played, *and will inevitably continue to play*, its historic part."

Irujo underlined this statement to me when he pointed out that Spain must always be linked with North Africa, France and Britain, for it is with those countries that she must carry on her trade.

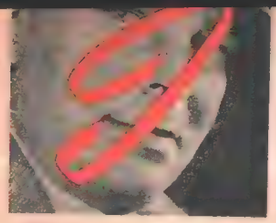
Well, there is the position.

Can this Spanish Republican Government ensure order in Spain? Will it avert civil war and guarantee that future governments of Spain really represent the will of the people? Will it provide a safeguard to our Mediterranean communications? Is there any alternative government?

Or do we just let Spain drag along indefinitely under the last Fascist regime in Europe?

HUBERT COLE

as I was saying



IT'S EASY TO TALK

by HERBERT HODGE

A FRIEND OF MINE who kindly keeps a critical eye on this column expressed a doubt, the other day, about some of the conversations I report. He couldn't think where I found such intelligent conversation—so neat, crisp and to the point.

The conversations *he* heard, he said, were never a bit like that. They usually began with a remark about the weather, went on about nothing in particular, wandered aimlessly over much well-worn ground, covering such subjects as the dogs, the pools and income tax, and finally fell back again in despair on the weather.

Well, as I told him, before I report a conversation in this column, I have to cut all that out—remove the shell and produce the kernel. Otherwise, no one would read it. A man may have said enough to fill ten pages, but I may only report his one important sentence. That's the writer's job.

All the same, I feel it's a man's own fault if all he hears is the dull and aimless kind of conversation.

If he wants to hear intelligent conversation, it's up to him to start it. The way to start an intelligent conversation is to ask an intelligent question. Given the right question, you can then get good conversation going in almost any company.

I first learned this art from my fellow cabmen, while waiting on the rank. In normal times, a cabman spends at least half his time hanging about in the hope of being hired. Those blank, hollow hours would be unendurable if it weren't for lively conversation.

So cabmen tend to become past-masters in the patient art of drawing out the stranger—and leading him on to stage a performance on his pet themes for their benefit.

Women as Listeners

But this is more in the nature of a sport, perhaps, than of conversation; and it is sometimes rather a cruel sport, like watching a fly wriggle on a pin—though the victim, provided he remains unaware that he *is* the victim, is usually delighted to find himself in the company of such intelligent and sympathetic listeners.

The art of conversation is generally supposed to be the art of talking brilliantly. But when I find myself in the company of people who pride themselves on being brilliant conversationalists, it usually seems to me that we get very little real conversation.

Everyone is so anxious to be wise and witty that no one wants to listen to anyone else—with the result that, underneath the thin crust of politeness coating the surface of the party, there is a black seething of impatience and anger, which becomes more and more difficult to disguise as the intellectual feast proceeds.

Some women have a remarkable gift for listening. It doesn't matter what the subject is—so long as the man is anxious to get it off his chest.

A kind woman will listen for hours on end to the abstruse scientific problems confronting, say, a professor of nuclear physics—and with all outward signs of understanding, even of rapture. And then, the very next evening, she'll listen with equal rapture to the theological problems of a fishmonger.

It's possible, of course, that she's merely waiting for both men to come to the point—in the firm belief that all men get round to the really important affairs of life sooner or later, no matter whence they start.

Whether that is so or not, there's no doubt that when a man wants to hold forth at great length on any subject at all, he can't do better than seek out a sympathetic woman.

The best general conversation I ever took part in was in the fo'c'sle of a cattle boat. It was our first night out from Montreal. There were twenty-five of us, all strangers to each other and mostly happy-go-lucky wanderers, accidentally thrown together by our common desire to get to Liverpool on the cheap.

Each Had a Good Story

Every man had knocked about a bit. Every man had a good story to tell. And, because we were all strangers, every man's story was new and virgin stuff to his hearers. We lay in our bunks talking right into the early hours of the morning. And the only thing that spoiled it was a nauseous drink called, on that ship, "coffee," which someone brought us at 4 a.m., when we had to turn out to attend the seasick cattle.

I've been privileged to take part in conversations in far more palatial surroundings since, in far more famous company, and with much better stuff to drink, but I don't think I've ever listened to so many good stories in so short a space of time as on that first evening in the cattle boat.

But we can't all spend our time travelling in cattle boats in order to hear good conversation.

So what we need to learn is how to get a good conversation going in any company. It's quite simple—provided you don't want to do all the talking yourself. If you do, you don't want conversation. You simply want a listener.

To start a good conversation, you begin by practising the cabman's art of getting somebody else down to it. You probe him very gently on all kinds of topics until you find out what sets him "alight." Once he's "alight" you sit back, like a kind and sympathetic woman, and encourage him with a soft word in the right place.

There's a strange convention in this country that it's bad manners to talk "shop." You have to break down this convention if you want good conversation. Most people talk at their best only when they're talking their personal "shop"—about their jobs, their hobbies and so on.

I recommend giving this plan a trial in trains. During a fairly long train journey the other day, for instance, I "tapped" several such "oil wells."

As a result, I now know a lot more than I did about what goes on behind the scenes in the building trade. I know exactly what it feels like to be a teacher in a village school. I know most of the snags in being the guard of a goods train, and I know how the present Palestine troubles affect the life of a Jewish commercial traveller in this country.

So I not only had an extremely enjoyable trip that day, but I feel a much better and wiser man for having met four extremely interesting talkers. And all they needed was a word to start them off.

Herbert Hodge, author and broadcaster, holds a mirror up to life in this feature each week

JOHN BULL QUIZ

MAYBE THE ANSWER'S ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE: it's also on page 26. If you don't know the answers to these questions, you will find them a useful addition to your stock of general knowledge. Five correct answers in any one section entitle you to consider yourself an expert in that subject. You are a good quiz man if you get more than half the total number of questions right.

COMING EVENTS

(1) What major event of 1851 is going to be repeated in 1951? (2) Who will be seen as Amber in the film of *Forever Amber*? (3) What is the maximum period to be served by Army conscripts called up before 1948? (4) When is the next American Presidential election? (5) What new kind of budget is to be presented next year?

CLOTHES

(1) What sort of garment is a bolero? (2) How many coupons would you need for your Christmas presents if you wanted to buy a tie for Dad, a hat for Sis, a box of twelve handkerchiefs for Mum, and a pair of shoes for Bill? (3) What street is the centre of the world's bespoke trade? (4) What is a polka-dot foulard? (5) Why was the Duke of Wellington thrown out of a party for wearing trousers?

JAZZ

(1) What is boogie-woogie? (2) What town is accepted as the birthplace of jazz? (3) What is the difference between jazz, swing and dance music? (4) Which instruments do Stephane Grapelly and Benny Goodman play? (5) Whose was the first jazz band?

APPLIED SCIENCE

(1) Caustic soda and caustic potash combine with fats to produce what familiar substance? (2) What technical advances were needed for man to pass from the Bronze Age to the Iron Age and then to the Aluminium Age? (3) The main purpose of the Tennessee Valley Administration Scheme is to prevent flooding; what are its secondary purposes? (4) Nitrates are so important that Germany had elaborate plants for making them: in what part of the world does a nitrate exist in vast quantities, needing only collection? What is the nitrate? (5) Practically all refrigeration is based on the action of what gas?

THE BIBLE

(1) What was Solomon's judgment when both women claimed the baby as theirs? (2) Who was Adam's third son? (3) Who was elected to replace Judas? (4) Who were the mothers of Solomon; Samuel? (5) "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon." What and why not?

ART

(1) Why has the "Venus de Milo" no arms? (2) Who painted the "Rokeby Venus"? (3) Why is El Greco called by that name? (4) What reason did the thief give for stealing the "Mona Lisa"? (5) What major work is Picasso engaged in painting at present?

PLACE NAMES

(1) What is the origin of the name "Sadler's Wells"? (2) What are the names of the five towns on which the Potteries are based? (3) What and why is Wessex? (4) Axmouth, Exeter and Oxford all share the letter "X." What does this indicate? (5) Why "Pennsylvania"?

DOGS

(1) What "nationalities" are Cairns and Dachshunds? (2) What Alsatian was the chief dog-star of the silent screen, and what Collie of the coloured screen? (3) Whose dogs overran Hampton Court Palace? (4) Why do they put mice in front of a Greyhound when he is being brushed? (5) Whose dog was Toby, and whose Diamond (it little knew what mischief it had done)?

SOMETIMES DOGS KNOW BEST

by ERIK ROSMAN

This is the tale of a lost hat—of a dog who wouldn't fetch it—and of two young people who quarrelled about it until they realized that the dog wasn't so dumb after all

IT WAS A SUMMER'S EVENING when it happened (said the old man sitting next to me in the garden of the riverside pub), a pleasant enough evening, although a little gusty. I was sitting at this very table, the way I always do, watching everything that goes on. In particular, I was watching a chap sitting at the river bank there, just in front of me, fishing; he was a clerk from Bugben who comes here almost every weekend. Well, there he was, and I was wondering if this would be the week that he'd get a catch, when a very sudden gust of wind came and blew a man's hat into the river.

It was a soft felt, dark grey, and very dirty, and after turning a few somersaults it landed on the water. It landed so neatly that I thought it would float until someone managed to rescue it; but as it drifted back to the bridge, the wind being against the stream, it started to sink a little. At the top of his voice the man on the bridge yelled to the fisherman to hook it with his line; but, either this chap didn't hear, or else he didn't care.

It seemed to drive the man on the bridge wild. He came running down on to the grass, looking in the mood to bash someone, made straight for the fisherman, and shouted at him:

"Give me that rod!"

There was something tough-looking about him that would have made most men steer clear of a row, and I could see that trouble was close at hand. He was a man of about fifty years of age, roughly dressed in an old shabby ulster, thick muffler and down-at-heel boots, and although I didn't like his manner, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him losing his hat, because none of us can afford to throw hats away these days, and least of all a chap, like him, down on his uppers. All the same, even supposing he was as hard up as he looked, there was no call for him to go on the way he did.

"Half-wit!" he shouted at the fishing chap, "you heard what I said. Give me that rod."

Getting no answer, not even a look, he leaned over, and with no more ado, took the rod. I say took it, but there was a short tussle before he got it. However, the stranger, as I'll call him, having got the line, saw that his best plan was to go back to the bridge, for the hat had been drifting all the time, and was now pretty well underneath it.

In a matter of minutes, naturally, a small crowd had collected, and one or two folk even came from the Green, where a cricket match was going on, for there was just that bit of excitement in watching this chap fish for his hat which you don't get in ordinary cricket.

I wish you could have seen those faces. There was a line of them peering over the bridge, all holding their breath as the hook, with the bait still on it, flicked around the hat.

Of course, some of our wags took the chance to be funny, and suggested that the stranger tried another bait; and there were other comical remarks of all kinds, as you can imagine. But the stranger didn't laugh. He seemed to be getting madder. And so was the little fisherman who had been carrying on about it being a free country and at last got himself worked up enough to find the courage to ask for his line back. It was sheer bad luck that he nudged the stranger just at the moment when he had got the hook in the hat lining.

"Who did that?" the stranger snarled, almost bursting with rage.

"I did. I want my line," said the little chap.

"Any more of that, and you'll get something you don't want," the stranger told him.

THERE was the usual silly chit-chat for a minute about "Who'll give it to me?" and "Oh, you will, will you?" and "You'll soon see," but a yell from Bill Stevens that the hat was passing under the bridge and getting nearer the bank beyond, made the stranger rush to the other side. Sure enough, there was the hat, drifting towards the bank.

The stranger rushed down to the bank. It was then, for the first time, I saw that he had a dog with him.

"Fetch it, fetch it," the man shouted to the dog.

But for some reason the dog hung back, obstinate.

He was pretty nearly frenzied now, for the jokes were coming more freely, and the dog's stupidity was like a goad to a mad bull. Instead of realizing what

The crowd fell apart like a field of corn before a bull, and a chap in cricketing flannels strode up to the angry stranger

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

was wanted, the animal cringed back from its master, licked its jaws, and winced, with its fur twitching.

A really nasty light came into the stranger's eyes at that. It gave me the creeps to see it. And then he started lashing at the dog with the fishing rod.

The way he laid about it was nothing short of cruel, and when the stick landed on its head, several of us spoke up indignantly, and told him to pack it up. But it was left to a girl to step out and do something.

I hadn't noticed Millicent in the crowd, although you can usually see a red-haired girl; but there she was, dressed in her best outfit, by the look of it, very dainty and smart, as though she were going to a garden party. But, my word! When that stick hit the dog's head there wasn't much of the garden party about Millicent Watkins. She went straight up to the man and struck him across the back with her umbrella.

"You big, ugly brute," she cried. "You coward!"

The stranger turned and looked her up and down, and I thought he was going to strike her.

"If you had been spanked more when you were little," he said, after a long pause, "you wouldn't be such a little spitfire now. It may get you into very serious trouble, missie. Take a tip now. You mind your own business, whatever it is, and I'll mind mine."

You should have seen the colour fly up in Millicent's face!

"Don't you dare speak to me like that!" she cried, fiercely, "and you wouldn't dare, either, if there was anyone even half a man here."

She looked at us all in scorn, and one or two of the chaps shuffled a little, uncomfortably; for when a woman looks scornful there's a kind of bite in it, and the prettier she is, the worse it is, so to speak. Millicent was very pretty, and never so pretty as now, I thought, with a flash in her green eyes, and her face all rosy.

No one spoke for a bit; then Ted Sayers said in a soft voice that everyone heard: "She means Albert."

In a village like ours, everyone knows everyone else's business, so it was common knowledge that Millicent had given Albert back his ring and said she never wanted to speak to him again. And everyone knew it was because Albert had gone into the ring after promising her he would never fight again. Consequently, we all knew what was meant when we heard a voice shout: "We've promised not to fight, Millie." And, of course, someone else added, lardi-da like: "Yes, don't let's be rough, chaps."

In the meantime the stranger had started ordering the dog into the water again, and now he fetched it another whack.

Of course, Millicent should have known better. She's not a little girl, and her people are very respectable, but somehow she seemed to lose control as much as the man. He had his back to her, stooping, his stick raised, when she took a run forward, pushed him violently, and either because he was off his balance, or because she had more weight and strength than appears, she sent him sprawling on all fours, with his arms and face in the water.

There was a hush when he got on to all fours, struggled up and turned, wiping water and a bit of newspaper from his face. Something in his manner and the look in his eyes made Millicent suddenly understand the kind of trouble she had been asking for, and that she was now within a split second of getting. She screamed. It was a proper blood-curdler.

Of course, I don't doubt he would have come to his senses in time, and wouldn't have taken her by the throat and throttled her, which is what he looked just about to do when Albert arrived.

The first I knew about Albert's being anywhere near was when the crowd fell apart like a field of corn before a bull, and a chap in cricketing flannels suddenly jumped into view.

Albert Hearn is one of the slowest witted chaps you'd ever meet, for all that he's a champion boxer. He doesn't pick up ideas quickly. All the same, when he saw Millicent crouching back in fright and that chap advancing on her, he arrived at a quick, rough answer. Stepping straight forward without a word, he swung his large left fist to the stranger's ear, then slammed his right against the chin. It made a noise like a door being slammed.

I daresay Albert reckoned that there was all the rest of the day for asking and answering questions, but only a split second to act if he was to get his blow in first.

The hat was forgotten and so was the dog; for a punch like that isn't often seen in public. The stranger, powerful-looking though he was, turned half-round and then flopped down on the grass, as though whatever had been holding him up had suddenly been taken away. The thump he landed with seemed to shake the ground.

Watching Albert's face, I saw that the moment the stranger was stretched out unconscious, he was stricken with remorse, and was a bit afraid that he might have killed the chap. And it was obvious that the same idea had occurred to Millicent. She bent over the stranger and made sure he was breathing and then climbed up the bank and looked at Albert as though he was a bit of dirt.

"There was no call for that, Albert," she said, steely-like. "You don't know your own strength, just like I told you on Sunday. You might have killed him."

"I only did it for your sake," said Albert properly flummoxed. "I thought he was going to hit you."

"Hit me? Him?" she scoffed. "Good gracious me! A man who would beat a dumb animal as he beat that poor dog wouldn't have the courage. If you think I am afraid of him, Albert Hearn, you're very much mistaken."

And she turned and marched off down the street.

By this time, the stranger had been brought round, and was on his feet, saying he had a good mind to call the police. He told Albert that one day that kind of thing would lead him to jail, but he was interrupted in his lecture when someone told him that the hat had sunk. No one had been watching it apparently, and it had sunk unseen. There was not a trace of it. It had gone.

"Yer!" said the stranger bitterly. "I suppose that's what I kept the dog for."

Albert then said that in his view the stranger had no idea how to treat a dog and ought to be prevented by law from having one.

"Perhaps you'd like to buy him off me?" said the stranger, nastily. "I'd sell him for two pounds."

It was a lot of money for a dog of doubtful ancestry.

None of us thought Albert would be fool enough to buy it, but he proved us wrong by pulling out his wallet. The dog's owner was even more surprised. And a minute later, off went Albert with his belt threaded through the dog's collar and his right hand holding up his trousers.

It was at about half-past three in the morning, Albert told me afterwards, when the dog, which he had taken to sleep in his room just for its first night, woke him up by scratching at the door and whining. For some minutes Albert took no notice; then, thinking that it might be better in the long run to pay attention, he got up, went downstairs and, half-asleep, let the dog out.

By the time he had waited ten minutes in a draught for the dog to come back, he was awake enough to think that he had been rather foolish; and at last, leaving the door open a crack, in case the dog should return, which was not very likely, he went back to bed.

About an hour later he was awakened again by having what he took at the time to be a blancmange dumped on his face and hearing a dog's bark. What he had thought was a blancmange proved to be nothing less than the salvaged hat. There it was, on the floor in a pool of water, with two sticklebacks and a piece of weed, as he saw when he put on the light. Beside it, panting, with tongue lolling out, was the dog, sodden with water, but deliriously happy.

There's always something pathetic to me in the thought of that grateful dog getting up in the early hours of the morning, trudging down to the river, plunging into the icy-cold water, and going to the bottom to fetch that hat. When Albert told me that he had never seen such pride in an animal's eyes, I could well believe him. It must have been a wonderful moment. He hadn't the heart to open the window and throw it out; the dog was so delighted.

In a way, Albert began to feel pleased when he had recovered from the annoyance of having his bed swamped and his carpet soaked. He saw that Millicent would be touched by the story. She would think the dog was wonderful, and Albert himself would get the reflected glory.

Anyway, at the time when he usually met Millicent for a Sunday walk, even though she had made it clear that she did not want his company, he was waiting at the bridge here, holding the dog on a lead and the hat, fairly dry, behind his back.

Punctual as ever, along came Millicent, looking as pretty as a picture, head in air, too good for any man that she had seen yet. If she could, she would have walked past Albert. I was sitting at this table at the time, so I had a good view. But seeing the dog decided her. She had to ask about it.

"You paid two pounds—two pounds!" I heard her say in a reproachful, shocked tone, after Albert had mumbled something. "Albert! If that's the way you do business, what is the good even thinking of buying Higgins's shop. Thank goodness we have parted, if that's what you're like."

I could hear everything that was said, and practically nothing was said by Albert, but I saw him suddenly produce the hat. He did it much as he might have

Continued on page 24

with my feet up by ian fox

New Boom

MR. RALPH REED, president of the American Express Company, a leading travel agency, has predicted that American visitors will be spending £90,000,000 a year in Britain by 1948.

This news has caused a proper flutter in the small streets around the West End of London. Since the American Forces went back, Piccadilly has been practically a distressed area. Many small cafe owners and club proprietors hardly know where their next thousand pounds is coming from.

But now the touts and the spivs will be putting new pads in their shoulders and brushing up their American. Empty whisky bottles will fetch high prices and mixtures of cold tea and industrial alcohol will be brewed in basements.

★ ★ ★

"Howja take this purple colour out of methylated spirits?" asks one leery character.

"Take it out? Why?" asks another. "All you gotta do is put in some red ink and flavouring essence and call it cherry brandy."

Once again horses will shy as they pass cafes advertising prime English steak.

"Get a pot of paint, Bill," says a restaurant proprietor, "and write up 'Coney Island Eaterie' outside."

"You can add fifty per cent to the prices with that sign up," says Bill. "Seventy-five per cent, I reckon. Pity we lost Linda. She drew the repeat customers. They never noticed what they were eating when Linda was around. I always told her she shouldn't mix business with pleasure and then she went and became a G.I. bride."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Ralph Reed did not, I deduce, get about much on his visit to Britain. "British hotels," he said, "can offer accommodation that compares well with that offered by U.S. hotels." The places where he stayed must have been warned in advance.

I can hear the manager commanding: "Put him in room No. 4. Give him the armchair from No. 16—the one without the broken springs—and the mattress from No. 12, stand a table over the hole in the carpet, and see he has a clean towel.

"And these Americans are used to eating well, so tell the cook at breakfast time to mix some milk with his dried egg."

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Make it snappy!

INDECISION is a fault peculiar to human beings. Animals don't suffer greatly from it, probably because their lives run on simple lines. The awareness of danger, the presence of an enemy, the approach of a friend, the nearness of food, produce a prompt reaction.

The human machine is more complex.

The more a man learns to see both sides of a question, the more he can foresee the possible consequences of any given action. This makes him less sure of the results of his decisions.

Yet anyone who wants to get on in the world must train himself to make quick decisions. A strong mind is one that, aware of its goal, takes the shortest and best course to it.

Even when mistakes are made, a strong man wastes no time in futile regrets. He merely sets to work to correct his course. Once you have reached a decision—don't worry about the opinions of others. Once you're convinced you're right—go ahead.

PHOTO-FINISH IS A WINNER

Backers needn't quarrel with the verdict of the "magic eye," the camera which cuts out the human element in judging winners. On-the-spot screening of race finishes is now a possible future development

by JOHN DWYNN

BY THE END OF 1947 horse racing and greyhound racing results will be governed by the "magic eye"—the camera which sees only the finish and records it, thereby cutting down the human element in judging.

Not that human judges are likely to be abolished by either the Jockey Club or the National Greyhound Racing Club, but photo-finish will be there to decide any doubt which may have arisen.

Photo-finish is here to stay. It has its opponents, including thousands of the racegoing public and some newspaper experts.

Their criticism, based on years of experience of watching races, is that the camera record is often distorted and that it favours a fast-finishing dog on the outside. I shall answer that criticism later.

The field of photo-finish is limited to fast-finishing animals. It could, with portable apparatus, be adapted to athletics; there has been a suggestion that it might be used in the 1948 Olympic Games.

But runners have to breast a tape and there is usually little doubt about which one touches the tape first. In a close finish between other placed men it might serve a useful purpose.

Its use has been approved by the Jockey Club, which is not usually susceptible to innovations, and by the NGRC.

After months of testing, the camera will be working at the spring meeting at Newmarket, the headquarters of horse racing, and most of the big courses, such as Epsom, Ascot, Birmingham and Manchester will probably have it installed next season for flat racing. It has been working for months at four London greyhound tracks and now Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh have put in the camera.

Nearly every track in the country wants to install photo-finish; but a certain amount of building is necessary and permits are hard to get.

As the system works now, an enlarged print of the finish of a dog race is available for the judges from sixty to ninety seconds after the race. The judges consider it and announce their decision.

But what will happen in the future?

Showing the Public

It is possible, because the mechanical problem is fairly simple, that the photographed result might be projected, like an image on cinema film, on to a screen on one side of the arena.

Then the public could see for itself the result of every race within a few minutes of the finish. If that idea were taken up it might mean the end of human judges, who, after all, can make mistakes.

The principle of photo-finish is still misunderstood by thousands of racegoers. One greyhound tipster told me that the camera was worked by an invisible ray, which, when broken by the leading dog, caused a quick exposure.

That is nonsense. The camera has no shutter and there is no ray. There are special lights over the finishing line, but they are for better photographs. The camera, surveyed into position and firmly fixed, is mounted in a box, ninety feet from the finishing post and immediately above the judges' box. The camera looks through a slit about two inches long and one-twentieth of an inch wide. All it can see is the finishing line, a white strip, two inches wide, on the grass track, and a "marker."

Ordinary movie film, thirty-five millimetres wide, is drawn through the back of the camera by electric motors at a rate relative to the speed of dogs. Greyhounds race at about thirty-eight miles per hour, and the film moves in the opposite direction at about four and a half inches per second.

Now the camera operator starts his camera as the hare passes the finishing line and the moving film first records a white blurr, which is the two-inch finishing line. The camera is stopped when the last dog has passed the post. The whole result is contained on a strip of film about one foot long.

As the camera can see only the finishing line (and the "marker") the first dog's nose on the film must be that of the first dog to finish. That is precisely mechanical.

If a photo-finish is called for by the judges then the operator has to make a quick enlargement of the section of the film containing the problem. The winner may be past all doubt but there may be some indecision about the placings of the second and third dogs. So the film is fixed in a frame which has a wire running across it.

On the finished photograph there is a white line—the shadow of the wire—showing the winner—or the second or the third, as the case may be.

Even the expert on photo-finish, Group Capt. E. C. V. Laws, C.B., C.B.E., who was director of photography for the R.A.F. in the two world wars, does not claim that the system is perfect yet. He will not be satisfied until the human element is completely eliminated and the finished print is delivered to the judges from an apparatus which photographs, develops and prints automatically.

But what he does claim is that, supposing you admit that the judges were seventy-five per cent accurate in the old days, then he has removed at least another twenty per cent of their error. The adaptation of photo-finish to horse racing has brought new difficulties—the rate of speed varies, tracks are much wider than greyhound tracks and horses may finish "wide out." So a variable-speed camera has been invented.

But the most important innovation is the beacon of light which will flash at the winning post.

These flashes are recorded on the film in thin vertical white lines. A projection from any of the lines shows which horse won the race and, of course, the other placings.

The beacon has been so successful in tests at Newmarket that it will probably be installed at dog tracks.

Now for the criticisms of photo-finish.

The cry of "distortion" goes up regularly. There was nearly a riot at White City, London, when, to pacify the crowd, they were shown a photo-finish print. At that time the experts had placed a mirror on the outside of the track to give a double check. The print showed twelve dogs in the race, six of them reflected in the mirror.

"It's a fake," said the crowd. "Where did all those dogs come from?"

So the mirror—which may be used on horses—was abolished from greyhound tracks.

It's the Nose that Counts

There *is* distortion. It has to be remembered that, because the film is moving, all stationary objects are blurred and objects moving at a comparable speed are clear. A slow-running dog will appear elongated; a fast-running dog will be shortened.

But it is the nose which counts in a finish and all distortion runs backwards from the nose.

In one race at Stamford Bridge a hurdler fell right on the finishing line and was still for a second or so. He looks about ten feet long in the print, but his nose was over the line. A foot pressed down for take-off on the line will give a dog an elongated leg—but that will not affect the result.

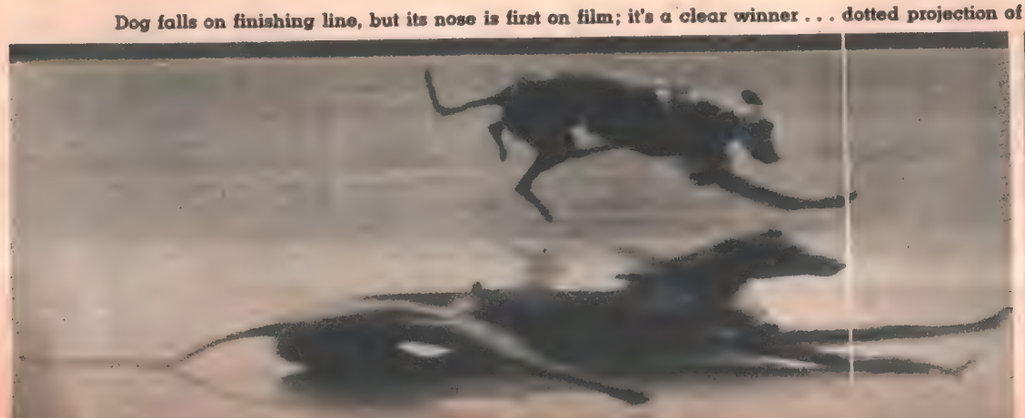
The case for photo-finish is that it is the product of a precision instrument. Not even the most expert human eye can compete against it.

The argument that a fast-finishing dog on the outside is favoured by the lens is false. From its perch, ninety feet away, the camera cannot favour any dog. What is much more probable is that the human eye has already selected the probable winner as it approaches the line, and the outside dog is not noticed.

But whether we like it or not, photo-finish is a permanent fixture at horse races and at greyhound meetings.

The camera has been developed in England. The Continent is interested in it; French and Swedish racing authorities will probably adopt it.

Dog falls on finishing line, but its nose is first on film; it's a clear winner . . . dotted projection of winning-post light at horse race was also decisive



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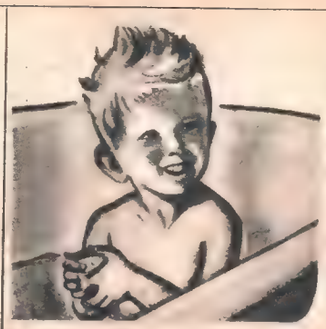

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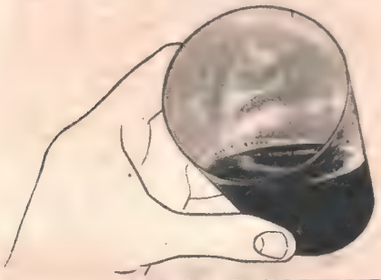

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LORNA's completing her introduction to laundrycraft now—learning Racking and Packing. She takes the crisp, clean linens and silks and woollies as they come from the various departments and sorts them into racks (there's one for every customer). Then they are finally checked and packed. Lorna finds it a lively, interesting job—she likes the friendly companionship and the bright airy surroundings, too. She's doing work of real importance for the nation's health and well-being—with first-class opportunities for advancement.

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FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

"PROBLEM CHILD" COMPLEX

MUCH OF THE MISERY among young children in institutions, and among those who get into the juvenile courts, could be avoided if the present generation of sour-faced adults would only recognize the essential right of a child to develop itself in the fanciful realm of play.

There are far too many grim "experts" probing the child mind in an endeavour to solve a juvenile problem which need never exist. There are far too many children in private homes as well as in institutions who are forced into drudgery in the name of so-called discipline.

For the youngsters in the public institutions, let there be more toys and games; for those whose holiday escapades lead them to the children's courts, let there be more properly equipped playgrounds.

Play stimulates the imagination and intelligence in a way that cannot be accomplished by half-understood modern educational and disciplinary methods.—A. MOORE, 23 Hawarden Avenue, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Getting into a Huddle

MY TWO BOYS OUGHT to have a properly furnished bedroom of their own. I applied for units but was told that only eight could be granted for my purpose. With these I could buy either a tallboy or a dressing-table.

The result of this is that when children get to the right age to learn tidiness and independence they are huddled together without proper furniture. It seems to me that this might have a bad effect on future husbands and wives.—MRS. WESTON, 10 Old Harpenden Road, St. Albans.

Giving it Away

HOW MUCH LONGER does the Minister of Food intend to let the world of prying eyes know exactly when an expectant mother is going to have her baby?

I do not see why the date should be stamped on the outside of the new ration book for all to see. In a town this sort of thing does not matter so much but in a small place it is most embarrassing.—MRS. M. K., Tayport, Fife. (Name and address enclosed.)

Parsons in Poverty

THERE MUST BE MANY parsons with families to support who, like myself, find it impossible to make ends meet on the small salaries they receive.

However careful we are, and however we economize, we just cannot meet the increased costs of living, schooling and maintaining a good appearance.—SUFFOLK PARSON. (Name and address enclosed.)

Old Faithfuls

A HORSE DROPPED DEAD in the street today. The man from the city cleansing department said it was the second he had had to deal with in a week. Both horses had died from old age.

Of course, I know that the best cared-for horses are liable to drop dead sometimes, but I would like to feel that, in general, horses are not now being exploited. For centuries they have served men faithfully, and the least return we can make is to see that horses today are not kept in harness long after they are unfit for work.—MARGARET DEBNEY, 432 Bromford Lane, Ward End, Birmingham 8. (Guinea sent to RSPCA as requested.)

What's in Darts?

HOW THE GAME OF DARTS has achieved such absurd popularity is beyond my comprehension. Fascinating and skilful games like billiards, table tennis and badminton seem to have been ousted by this childish game. I suppose that if

"Fascinating games like table tennis . . ."

pubs banned darts the craze would fizzle out quickly.—LESLIE WARDHOUGH, 203 Stamfordham Road, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

One Man's Work . . .

WHAT IS THE IDEAL JOB? I believe it should have variety, interest, and be capable of giving deep satisfaction. All these are found in the seed trade. In summer there is agricultural show work and landscape gardening. In autumn, kitchen garden seeds need all your attention, and in spring the days are very full with duties in the warehouse and with stocktaking.

A seedsman is soon in love with his job. If he likes hard physical work there is plenty to do. If he does not, then there is the fascinating study of plant selection. I suppose the secret of the complete satisfaction in work of this kind lies in the fact that it is all the time dealing with living matter.—JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, 90 Gilders Road, Chessington, Surrey.

Basketwork

I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED a nice shopping basket, but the prices have been impossible.

The other day I bought a tomato basket for threepence from my greengrocer. My husband strengthened it with wire and I have given it a coat of bright green enamel and painted a flower on each side. The result is charming and the total cost—well, about ninepence, I suppose.—MRS. A. W., Bootle, Liverpool, 20.

Shiver their Timbers

LAST WEEK AT MY SCHOOL, my class was told by the woodwork teacher to cut up fifty pairs of crutches to serve as material. Is there no longer any use for crutches?—R. T., Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

He Got the Job

WHEN MY SON APPLIED for a job at one of our leading drapers he had to produce three references vouching for his honesty and integrity. When I applied for a similar job in the Gay Nineties, the boss asked me if I could sell, look after stock and be punctual. Then, with a grin, he asked if I could tell a good lie—and I got the job.—H. WALBY, 16 Brookside Avenue, Millbrook, Southampton.

Long Wave

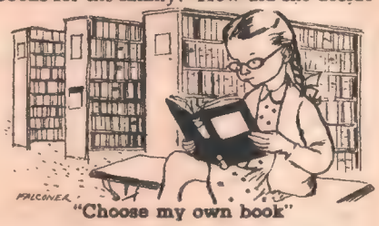
A CARD REMINDING ME that my wireless licence should be renewed within fourteen days of the date printed on the front arrived last week.

I see no need for hurry. The date given is in the year 9146. So I have something over 7,000 years in which to pay.—A. H. USHER, 21 Kent Avenue, Ashford, Kent.

"What was all that muttering about after you got home last night?"

Love, Murder, Mystery

AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY I met an eight-year-old girl taking home five books for the family. How did she decide



"Choose my own book"

on them? Easy. "I asked the assistant," she said, "for two loves, a murder and a mystery, and I always choose my own book."—MRS. F. TUTTON, 22 Oreland Gardens, Teignmouth.

Safeguard for Peace

MY FIRST IMPRESSION when I saw your headline, "What War With Russia Would Mean," was that JOHN BULL was mistaken in publishing such a scare story.

When I had finished Captain Liddell Hart's brilliant essay I realized that articles of this sort are the very best safeguard for peace we can have in these excitable days. As your contributor makes clear, wild threats about atomic power are more dangerous than the bombs themselves. Thank you.—MAURICE HALL, Harrow, Middlesex.

Visitors First

GORDON BECKLES'S IMPRESSION of Brighton in the "Trail of Tomorrow" series interested me greatly. His account of the clash between go-ahead Brighton and the more sedate Hove rang a bell, as the same conflict is to be found throughout the country nowadays.

Blackpool seems to be one of the few places that unashamedly gets away with the policy of "visitors first." This is right. The country is big enough to have half-a-dozen resorts where holidaymaking is the sole industry. And let them have their casinos.—J. R. H., The Square, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

Film Fashions?

SINCE MY RETURN from overseas after more than three years' absence, I have been struck by the tendency of men to follow American fashions. Wide-brimmed hats and loud-patterned shirts seem commoner. Now I read that suits next year will follow the American style.

I hope this tendency is going to stop. Britain has led the world in men's clothing for many years. We do not want overpadded shoulders and gathered-in sleeves over here.—H. SIMS, 197 Spotland Road, Rochdale, Lancs.

Holiday Memories

IN THESE DARK EVENINGS some of us have been exchanging holiday experiences. We talked about the strangest things we had seen on our travels in 1946.

I pulled off best marks for recalling a beautiful carving of an angel at the east end of the royal pew at Sandringham Church. The carver had given the angel five fingers and a thumb. What about your readers' holiday tales for 1946?—REV. S. P. SHIPLEY, Churchill Vicarage, near Bristol.

What's this "Bullets" Mystery?

LOOK at our picture and you will see there are no mysteries about the 100 £3 New Year Hampers now waiting for "Bullets" entrants. Nor is there any secret about the big cheques that must be won; the full details are on this page.

But there *is* a big mystery in this list of prizes value over £1,000. With every cash prize of £10 or more will go a unique and valuable New Year Mystery Presentation, fit for a millionaire's home and never before offered in *Bullets*. Something specially prepared with superb skill for *you* in particular, something which none of your friends has got. Something which you cannot buy at any shop, something that will last for a hundred years or more; something that will give daily pleasure to you and yours for as long as you live!

What are these *Bullets* Mysteries? Win one and find out!

CASH FOR NEW YEAR

—this way to the prize-list

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Owing to Christmas, the last day to post for prizes on this page is Monday, December 30; another coupon for these contests in next week's JOHN BULL.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

PLAN FOR 1947
JAM TOMORROW
SINCE THE WAR ENDED
A LITTLE EXTRA
INFLATION QUICKSANDS
OLD MAN WINTER
OUT OF THE CHAOS
BE ADVENTUROUS AND
HOLY MATRIMONY
FADING
GETS NO SYMPATHY
LOVELY SURPRISE
WAY THINGS ARE
TO KEEP WARM
UNWELCOME VISITOR
IN AUNTIE'S DIARY
OUT OF HAND
WEAK WOMAN
BROKE THE ICE
SONNY'S AT HOME, SO

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

LONGING FOR.....
SAW THE.....
BEFORE ANYBODY.....
NOTHING LIKE.....
APART FROM.....
"YOU CAN'T.....THAT!"

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1st PRIZE £300
plus Mystery Presentation followed by
£50, £25, 10 of £10, each
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100 New Year Hampers
100 Season Tickets for "Bullets"
1,560 "Good Shots"

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,560 (or Xword 512), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated January 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 New Year fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Dec. 30.

Across Clues.

1. Public measures should be taken to reduce this
6. It's easy to misunderstand address on this
8. A rake may easily become one
11. In foreign affairs, show-down is too often effected by this of force
12. One is often gentle
14. Isn't much ruffled by breeze
15. There's bound to be some spirit in

Down Clues.

2. Taking of this might well call for land and water action
3. Will wake up M.P.s in House, however lethargic or tired
4. There's sometimes moaning at this when fishing fleet returns
5. Helps star to get publicity
7. Such an outline is not necessarily satisfying
9. Sometimes delays start of cricket match
10. It can be expected to get extremely hot at times
13. You shouldn't be surprised to find butterfly in one

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,556

FIRST PRIZE
£500 plus CHRISTMAS BIRD

M. M. McLeod, 13 Malpas Ave., Prenton, Birkenhead:
THE OLIVE-BRANCH — *HIS* GIFTS "HANG ON."

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Christmas Bird:
Mrs. E. F. Miller, "Braemar," West Lawn Gardens, Sandgate.
Taking It Easy—"Lose" *That* "Dangerous Drug"!

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Christmas Bird:
A. Frost, "Ploughman's Oak," 38 Coniston Avenue, Headington.
Common Road — Missed In Mistrust's "Mist."

10 PRIZES OF £10 plus Christmas Bird:
H. Aspin, 3 Burnsall Avenue, Blackpool. **Henpeck's Hope — Disney Wants A "*Dragon*"!**

A. Brayshaw, Welburn Aerodrome Bungalow, Kirbymoorside, Yorks. **The World's Record—Speed For *Statesmanship*, Imperative.**

S. Day, 91 Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham. **To Sonny's Horror—*Unexpected* Christmas Bulge—Mumps!**

A. E. Hunter, Stutton, Tadcaster. **Taste Of Nature's — "Birch," Reforming "Truant" Man?**

Miss B. Jolly, 32 Tootell Street, Chorley. **At Auntie's Bazaar—*Moderate* Refreshments *At Prices!***

J. H. Jones, 26 Coral Avenue, Huyton, Liverpool. **Englishman's Right—*Anybody's* Welcome To, Woodcock's!**

H. Messenger, 34 Savage Road, Bridlington. **Englishman's Hate — Weakest Thing About Him.**

G. Penn, 9 Felix Avenue, Luton. **When Everybody's Expecting — "Extras," Authority Says "Slog!"**

Pte. H. M. Powell, 5 Chequers End, Hemel Hempstead. **Taste Of Ashes—For Germans, Scouring Dustbins.**

Mrs. A. C. Prentice, 11 Horselethill Road, Glasgow, W.2. **Englishman's Feet—Up, Till "Hands Up!"**

Notifications have been sent to 100 winners of Christmas Hampers, and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted.

CHEQUES AND FOWLS WON—XWORD 508

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Ford. 2, Aims. 4, Bore. 5, Moles. 6, Bigot. 7, Pen. 9, Bale. 11, Crimes. 13, Shaw. DOWN: 1, Forme. 3, Sitter. 7, Peace. 8, Base. 10, Snow. 12, Ice.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: H. J. Dell, 104 High Street, Lakenheath, Brandon; Mrs. M. Drake, 16 Kellets Buildings, Whitelee, Heckmondwike; G. E. Johnson, Uplands, Norfolk Road, Uxbridge; J. Rudge, 4 Northcote Road, Stechford, Birmingham 9.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 66 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Christmas Fowls in addition.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Jan. 11 offering another £1,000 FIRST PRIZE

373

NAME .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,560** MON., DEC. 30.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

value .....

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Signed .....

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£100 CASH and FOWLS for this XWORD

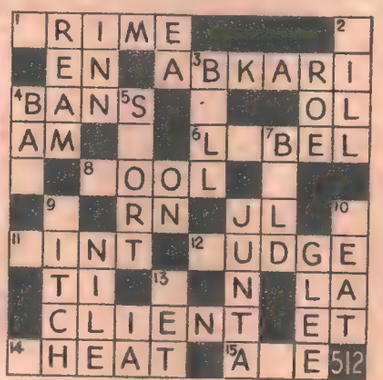
How to Enter

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules

512 Closing Postmark, MON., DEC. 30

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....



Entry-fee: Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

Pencilled entries NOT allowed in Crosswords.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

SOMETIMES DOGS KNOW BEST

Continued from page 20

brought out a bunch of orchids. The effect on Millicent was different though; it was more as though it had been a hissing cobra he held out to her.

"Albert Hearn, are you barmy?" she demanded. "You don't really mean you went in the river . . . the dog? You sent the dog in the river after that hat, when that was what the man himself was trying to make the poor thing do? You sent it in after that dirty, smelly, evil-looking old hat? Albert! Well, really . . ."

And she snatched the hat from him and hurled it over the bridge.

Well, that was that, and I should have thought the whole thing over, if, just before one o'clock, Bill Stevens hadn't charged up to us with exciting news.

"Have you heard?" he started. "The police are dragging the river."

"What for?" came a chorus.

"Why, that hat that was lost there yesterday," said Bill. "I said at the time, if you remember, that there was something fishy about it, some reason why the chap was so mad keen to get it back. Well, I was right. The police have arrested him. They caught up with him at the boathouse last night when he was hiring a boat to row down here and fish for his hat."

"Well, that's not against the law," said someone.

"Of course it ain't," said Bill. "But stealing a pearl necklace worth five thousand pounds is. And all the time it was in this ruddy hat!"

We didn't wait to hear more; we rushed over to the bridge to watch what was happening. There were several policemen in uniform, and some in plain clothes. A boat was lying off, about twenty yards out, and two swimmers were diving down and coming up time and time again, empty-handed. The post they had chosen was where the hat had been lost the previous evening.

I was just wondering where it would have fallen the second time, when I saw Millicent approaching, followed at a respectful distance by Albert. Wasting no time, I told her what had happened, and before she had fully recovered from the shock, took her to the inspector who was in charge of operations. First Millicent wouldn't believe the story about the pearls, and then he couldn't believe the story about the dog and her having thrown the hat back.

"Well, that was the unluckiest thing you ever did, my dear," he told her. "Because there was a two hundred and fifty pounds reward for the recovery of that necklace."

Albert caught Millicent as she fell back.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds reward?" she wailed. "Oh, Albert, it would have been enough down to buy the Higgins's shop!"

★ ★ ★

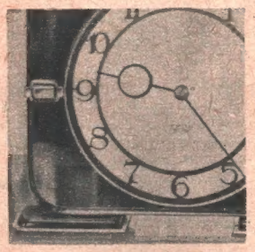
"It's a sad end," I murmured.

"Exactly," nodded the old man, "And I can tell you that Albert Hearn felt bitter and sore when he returned to his room and thought that he had actually had that hat there in his hands. But how he felt when he opened the door and saw the hat lying in a pool of water on his counterpane, I can't pretend to tell you. Albert couldn't tell me; he could only splutter.

"That dog had stayed behind when Millicent and Albert marched on up the hill. It went into the river again, fished out the hat, took it back to Albert's room, and dumped it on the bed. Sure enough, inside the lining was the string of pearls worth five thousand pounds in Hatton Garden and two hundred and fifty pounds reward to Albert and Millicent. And there are still some people in this world who call animals dumb!"

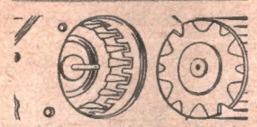
IT'S THE MOVEMENT THAT COUNTS

No. Four



What's Sintering?

Sintering is a process applied to the rotor bearing of every Smith "Sectric" Movement which causes it to retain oil for the longest possible time. Another reason why Smith "Sectric" Clocks give long and trouble-free service! Jewellers, Electricians, and Stores will soon be able to supply you from a variety of models.



SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

NO WINDING • NO REGULATING

Scientific S.C.12

NAILS LOOK LOVELIER

. . . now there's

L'Onglex

LIQUID NAIL POLISH

More L'Onglex *liquid* nail polish—the quick-drying polish—will be reaching the shops as soon as quota is increased

Beauty in business

MRS. JOHN CHURCHILL, well known in Mayfair, has recently opened an antique shop in fashionable Sloane Street. Against a background of rare and beautiful things, the daintiness of her fair skin shows to full advantage. "I rely on Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and keeping my skin soft," says Mrs. Churchill. "And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

POND'S FACE CREAMS

Lovely Hair.

THE REGULAR use of Evan Williams Shampoo gives the hair a loveliness that lasts as long as life itself—so different from the transient freakish effects sometimes attained by the use of harsh bleaching mediums, some of which do irreparable harm to the hair.

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

Including Tax 6d.

HANDS SUFFERED FROM UNACCUSTOMED WORK

. . . . but now they can regain their loveliness

Hands smooth, fragrant and alluring! You will soon have hands like these when you use Glymiel Jelly. Glymiel Jelly sinks deep into the pores immediately, leaving no trace of stickiness. Watch how quickly it whitens and beautifies. For lovelier hands tomorrow —use Glymiel Jelly tonight!

In Tubes or Jars

GLYMIEL JELLY

G. 17

Hurrah for Spa

(Regd)

Nylon or Bristle

46/7

This is "Sparkie," in the new Spa film — look for him at your local cinema.

With its correctly-shaped head (long or short, as you please) — its clean-cut tufts — and fine finish — SPA is the very last word in toothbrushes. The finest toothbrush you can buy.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd., "Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best

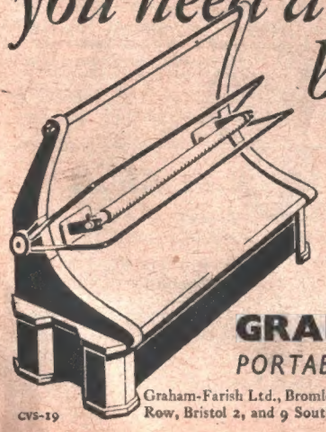
and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

MACLEANS SOLID DENTIFRICE

In tins—9d (inc. Tax)

you need a new fire but



take care of your old one, for it may be a little while before you can buy a new Graham-Farish fire. Supplies are still *very* limited. This model is the 'Swift' (with polished aluminium reflector) and costs only 23/6. Ask your retailer to put you on his waiting list now.

GRAHAM-FARISH

PORTABLE ELECTRIC FIRES

Graham-Farish Ltd., Bromley, Kent. Branches at Perry Road, Park Row, Bristol 2, and 9 South King Street, Deansgate, Manchester

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Britain's
Best Rainwear
for men, women
and children

I'll bet that's a BARACUTA

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BARACUTA (CLOTHIERS) LTD · MANCHESTER 4

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in
Portland
STYLE · COMFORT
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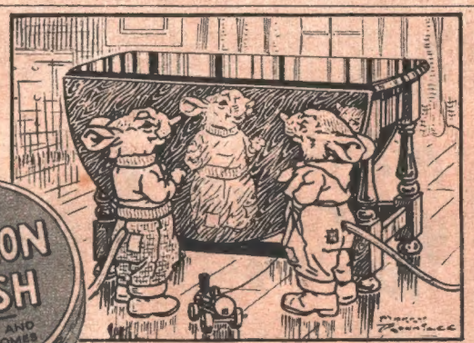

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE
MANSION POLISH
FOR BRIGHT AND HEALTHY HOMES
MP TP

"Golly! doesn't your furniture look bright!"
"Yes! Mum uses 'Mansion'."

Use sparingly—still in short supply
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

Another new Ferranti — model 146

MODEL 146, now available from Ferranti radio dealers. A handsome set, combining good quality reproduction with excellent station-getting performance.
All Ferranti sets are built to last — this means that the 146 will give you good service, and will go on doing so.

Table Model 146 for A.C. mains. 3 wavebands. Black and off-white moulded cabinet. Extension speaker and gram. pick-up sockets.

£22 : 18 : 10
(including £4.0.10 tax)

Ferranti Ltd. Moston Manchester 10: and 36 Kingsway London W.C.2

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Enticed from Work

"MY SON, AGED FIFTEEN, was engaged by a firm of electrical engineers as a pupil and will study the work in every department. He is given a wage with promises of annual rises. But he has been approached by the foreman of another company who offers him higher wages and tells him he will never learn anything where he is now. Is there anything I can do to prevent this enticement?"

▸▸ Your son's employers would be entitled to claim damages from the other firm if they could prove that your son broke his contract as a result of the other firm's enticement. If the second firm were warned that their action is illegal it is unlikely they would interfere further with your son's career.

Girl with a Temper

"A GIRL WITH A VIOLENT temper was sent to an institution for six months but has already been there eight years. Both the superintendent and the doctor say she is all right but do not make any effort to get her home. The girl herself is anxious to leave and her parents want her at home. What can they do to secure her release?"

▸▸ They should apply to the visiting committee for their daughter to be discharged. The committee will have to consider the report of the authorities before agreeing to her release.

Paying Guests

"AS IT IS DIFFICULT to assess damage done to household belongings by paying guests, is it a fact that any profit made by subletting a furnished room need not be included in the income tax return? If not, how can one claim an allowance for wear and tear?

▸▸ Profits from taking in paying guests or from subletting rooms are liable to assessment for income tax. An allowance can be claimed for wear and tear of furniture included in the letting. This is normally reckoned at five per cent of the value of the furniture. If plate and linen are included, a higher percentage may be agreed to by the Inspector of Taxes.

War Damage

"IN 1944 MY HOUSE was damaged by a flying bomb. The War Damage Commission admits liability for everything except the boiler and central heating apparatus. It says the damage to these was due to frost, but this is untrue as the system was completely emptied a month before the 'incident.' Where can I lodge an appeal?"

▸▸ If you have adequate evidence to show that the damage was actually war damage, there is no reason why you should not lodge an appeal with the District Commissioner. The local District Valuer will inform you regarding the correct procedure.

Caring for Children

"MY BROTHER, A WIDOWER, died last April. Two of his five children came to us for a holiday and refused to go back. We should like to keep them but their mother's sister objects. Have we any claim on them?"

▸▸ When both parents are dead, both sides of the family appear to have equal claim to guardianship of the children. As the father died last, the claim of his next-of-kin would be considered to be stronger. Apply to court for guardianship or an adoption order, and the court will decide what is considered to be best for the children.

Will is Invalid

"MY STEPFATHER MADE a will in my favour but it was signed at the top of the page instead of at the foot. The two sons of the first marriage are claiming the money. They say I am to get nothing. Why can't step-children benefit?"

▸▸ The will does not appear to be valid. Your stepfather would be presumed to have died intestate, and, in the circumstances, step-children, not being blood relations, have no claim.

Wallpaper Claim

"CAN I CLAIM for wallpaper for my house, which was repaired after war damage? Paper was unobtainable at the time and the entire house was stripped and distempered."

▸▸ The War Damage Commission will not pay the cost of redecorating the house. It is liable only in respect of work considered essential.

Caravan Site

"I AM THE OWNER of a large caravan which is kept permanently on a site. Can the county council claim rates for a structure on wheels? I have had it for six years and this is the first time that I have been approached about rates."

▸▸ If the caravan is being used as a building, the rating authority is entitled to assess it for rates.

House to Wife

"BEFORE GOING OVERSEAS in 1916 I made a will on the usual form and left everything to my wife. Since that time I have purchased my house and I want to make sure that she will inherit it in the event of my death. Is it necessary to make a new will?"

▸▸ No, the text of your will is sufficiently wide to include the house. You should have appointed your wife as sole executrix and have appointed one or more executors. If you have not done this you should do so.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 18

COMING EVENTS. (1) Great Exhibition; (2) Linda Darnell; (3) Two years; (4) 1948; (5) An economic budget.

CLOTHES. (1) A short outer waist garment for women; (2) 1, 0, 3, 9—13 in all; (3) Savile Row; (4) Soft silky material with a pattern of small round dots regularly distributed; (5) Because they had not yet replaced breeches in fashion.

JAZZ. (1) A type of music, particularly piano playing, with a regular, "walking" base; (2) New Orleans; (3) Jazz is the name given to the original variety springing from the negroes; swing is the smoother variety; dance music is merely rhythmic tunes; (4) Violin, clarinet; (5) Bert Kelly's, 1916.

APPLIED SCIENCE. (1) Soap; (2) Bronze can be smelted by an open fire, iron by a blast furnace, aluminium only by electricity; (3) To provide electricity and to regulate irrigation; (4) Chile; Chile saltpetre; (5) Ammonia.

THE BIBLE. (1) "Divide the living child in two!"; (2) Seth; (3) Matthias; (4) Bath-sheba; Hannah; (5) The news of the death of Saul and Jonathan—"Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice."

ART. (1) Because they were broken off; (2) Velasquez; (3) It means "the Greek," and was the name given to a famous painter in Spain; (4) "I am an Italian, so is the 'Mona Lisa'; it should be in Italy"; (5) *The Charnel House.*

PLACE NAMES. (1) Mr. Sadler found a well in his garden, and later a theatre was established there; (2) Stoke, Burslem, Tunstall, Longton, Hanley; (3) Hants, Dorset, Wilts, Somerset, Surrey, Gloucester and Bucks—the ancient kingdom of the West Saxons; (4) The presence of water; (5) From the "Sylvan" (i.e. rural) land of Penn, its owner.

DOGS. (1) Scottish; German; (2) Rin-Tin-Tin; Lassie; (3) King Charles II's spaniels; (4) His physical reaction is to tighten the muscles, which makes brushing easier; (4) Mr. Punch's; Isaac Newton's (it knocked over a candle and burnt papers representing many years' work).

"MY WIFE AND I

appreciate your generous gesture," writes Mr. L. French of Sidcup, in acknowledging payment under John Bull's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

John Bull offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Warm classrooms, chilly playgrounds, colds about . . .

start their day with a MILTON gargle

NASAL CATARRH

Instant relief! Smear a little NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril; gently sniff it up. It acts instantly! Opens up stuffy nasal passages. Clears Head, Reduces Discharge, Kills Germs, Ends Congestion, Soothes Soreness. Use "NOSTROLINE" for Catarrh, 'Flu-Colds, Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Perfectly safe. 1/9d. including tax. All Chemists. *Insist* on having NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy.

NOSTROLINE

It's that beard again!

Bowyer

Smart men shave with—

Ever-Ready CORRUX **Blades**

They're Hollow-Ground — They Last Longer!

Note these Facts

A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that **rheumatism caused absenteeism among men sufferers at the rate of 25 working days per year, and among women sufferers at the rate of 21 working days per year.** Rheumatic pain can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—*so can*

SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURITIS, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, COLDS AND 'FLU.

25 WORKING DAYS LOST BY EACH MAN PER YEAR

21 WORKING DAYS LOST BY EACH WOMAN PER YEAR

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Prices 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain

'Genasprin'

sees you through!

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If short of coal you chance to be You'll find some warmth in

Victory·V

GUMS & LOZENGES

INCLUDING TAX 2 OZS 6D NO POINTS

Hair looks better—*when you end* DRY SCALP

What a difference between these two pictures! See (*on the left*) what Dry Scalp does to your hair. Makes it look lifeless, dry, uncombed—it just won't stay in place. Worse still, bits of loose dandruff keep showing (sometimes on your collar as well!).

See (*above*) what happens when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Hair has a healthy gloss, stays in place. Dandruff disappears. Just massage gently with the Tonic every morning, but please use it sparingly as it is still in short supply.

Vaseline BRAND **HAIR TONIC** *ENDS DRY SCALP*

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Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus ★*Retex*

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★**RETEX** Achille Serre's unique process for giving new sheen to silks and satins and firmness and resilience to woollens.

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Keep Cheerful!

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

"I don't worry about Backache, I take Doan's"

A RICH DARK FLAKE, FULL FLAVOURED, COOL AND LONG LASTING

MADE BY DOBIES OF PAISLEY

THIS *HAS RELIEVED COUNTLESS*

SKIN SUFFERERS

Banish the irritation and disfigurement of skin troubles with D.D.D. Prescription. Countless sufferers have gained immediate comfort and relief. You will too. Even advanced cases of eczema and dermatitis yield to treatment with this famous liquid Prescription. Its powerful antiseptic, soothing and healing properties penetrate the skin, check further infection, and promote rapid *below-surface* healing. Get D.D.D. Prescription today. Obtainable at all chemists 1/5d.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

PUT DOWN **PESTROY**

PUT DOWN **PESTS**

Rid your household of insects by sprinkling their runs with Pestroy powder. Containing DDT in correct proportion with other toxic ingredients, Pestroy is a most powerful insecticide for all domestic purposes, and can safely be used on dogs, cats and birds. Obtainable from chemists and corn merchants; in drums 9d. and 2/-. Made by Bob Martin Ltd.

PESTROY

THE HOUSEHOLD INSECT-KILLER

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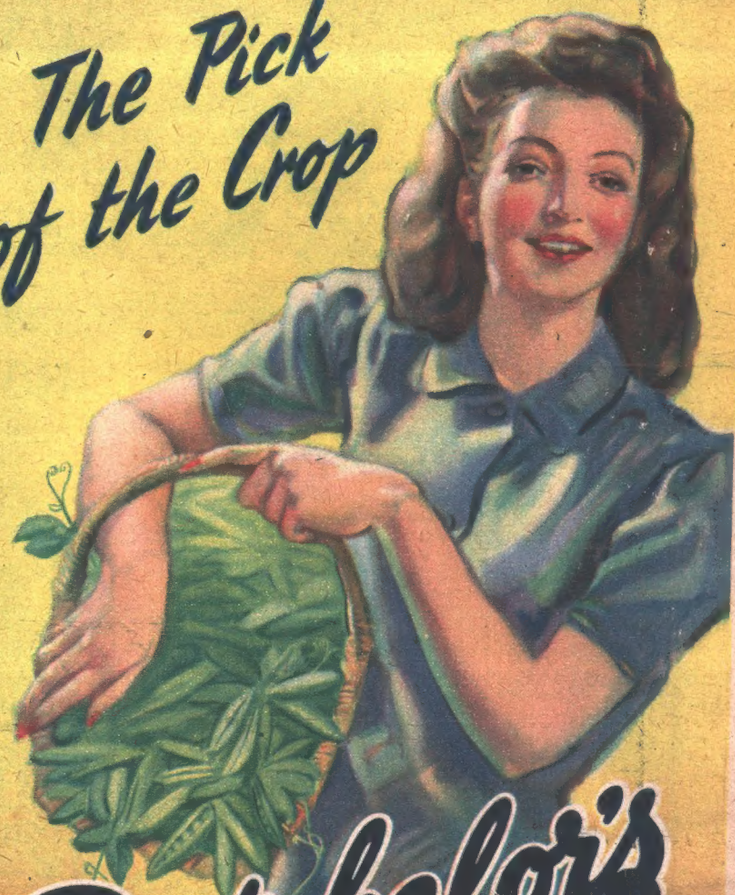
The Pick of the Crop



Batchelor's REGD. Peas

Popular favourites for nearly 50 years, Batchelor's Peas are coming back to the shops in greater quantities, although the supply is unfortunately less than the demand.

Be sure to ask, too, for Batchelor's Fruits, Vegetables and Soups. You'll relish their delicious flavour and nourishment — a happy choice for luncheon or dinner.

"IT'S THE *flavour* THAT'S IN FAVOUR"